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JEAMES'S DIARY,

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE,

AND

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR," "MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN," ETC.

NEW-YORK:
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MAR 3 1959

JEAMES'S DIARY.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

A TALE OF 1845.

A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

"CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen JAMES PLUSH, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

"One day last week, MR. JAMES waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in the service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

"His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of SIR GEORGE FLIMSY, of the house of FLIMSY, DIDDLER & FLASH) smilingly asked MR. JAMES what was the amount of his savings: wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—MR. PLUSH could have managed to lay by anything.

"MR. PLUSH, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

"SIR GEORGE, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook MR. P. by the hand; LADY FLIMSY begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that MISS EMILY FLIMSY, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

"We hear it stated that MR. P. is of a very ancient family (HUGO DE LA PLUCHE came over with the Conqueror); and the new Brougham which he has started, bears the ancient coat of his race.

"He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He purposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election, on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

"Report says, that even in his humble capacity MISS EMILY FLIMSY had remarked his high demeanour. Well, 'none but the brave,' say we, 'deserve the fair.'"—*Morning Paper.*

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionnaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous; if poor MARYANNE *be still alive*; we trust, we trust, MR. PLUSH will do her justice.

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

A HELIGY.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
  Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
Vile I a story vil relate
  Of cruel JEAMES of Buckley Square.

A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked vith powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum JEAMES of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our JEAMES in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwiletts,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved JEAMES of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And o! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *vould* ring the parler bell,
And call up JEAMES in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear,)
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd "MARY HANN,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."

O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear.
"Dear JEAMES," says I, "I 've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
His name 's in railroads everywhere;
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square!
My JEAMES it was the letters took,
And read 'em all, (I think it's fair.)
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how JOHN PORTER used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railvay letters pouring in,
"J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.

But O! imagine vat I felt
  Last Vensdy veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
  "Mis M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
  He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
  To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
  With people who your betters are;
James Plush is now a gentleman,
  And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
  In six short months, by genus rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
  Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net,
  Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, Miss Mary Ann, forget
  For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square."

* * * * * * *

The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM "JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE."

ALBANY, *Letter X.*, *August* 10, 1845.

"SIR:—Has a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinger the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

"I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the *hinmost pashsn of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

"What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstancies of my engagements with MISS MARY HANN OGGINS, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule* in a *doggril ballit* impewted to her! I say *impewted*, because in *my* time at least MARY HANN could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank) and has for *sacraficing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as MR. WAKLEY himself.

"With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to MARY HANN—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctors boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed MISS H's name to his *nonsince and lies:* and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for lible for insutting them in your paper.

"It is false that I have treated MISS H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew.* But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money *they've* lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back: but giv her the andsomest pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble (which I found in MISSUS'S work-box); secknd, a vollom of BYROM'S poems: third, I halways brought her a glass of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to HASHLEY'S twice (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way), and a *thowsnd deligit attentions*, which I sapose count for *nothink.*

"Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxy. I breathe

no sallible of blame aginst Miss H., but his a hillit-erit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I needn say its only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong*. So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy*, he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

"That I've one thirty thousand lb, *and praps more*, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't) —So may you be: if you choose to go in & win.

"I for my part am jusly *prowd* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pair of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curricle), I crisn'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at ¼ discount.

"At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air; inspex

my accounts, and hansers my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that exlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

"Besides my North British plate and breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave a great party, 'Trent,' I say to my man, 'we will have the London and Bummingham plate to day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver).' I bought them after realizing on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

"In the sam way I say, 'Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!' or, 'Put some Heastern Counties in hice!' *He* knows what I mean: it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

"So strong indeed as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss Diddle last weak, I had her crisn'd (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rayther unwell, 'Doctor,' says I to Sir Jeames Clark, 'I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder: and I want you to send them up to a

premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

"But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honrable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gaynd it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

"To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corrict in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than Peal can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwild, I have the honor to be. Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

"Fitz-James de la Pluche."

JEAMES'S DIARY.

One day in the panic week, our friend Jeames called at our Office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten

chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

"How's scrip, MR. JEAMES?" said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

"Scrip be ——," replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "*Mr. Punch*," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is haltered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me ——£ for the account?"

He named the sum. It was one so great, that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on MESSRS. PUMP AND ALDGATE, our bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and, shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the city.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained:—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's

ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be ¼ discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink riband a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a Journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant; as, for instance:—"*3rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts' Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear MARY HANN." "*February* 7—That broot SCREW, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear MARY HANN boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datest* SCREW."—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, MR. JAMES quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

"EXTRAX:—

"Wen I anounced in the Servnts All my axcshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb.

(it was only 5, but what's the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel?). Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slise of the brest of a Cold Tucky. SCREW, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beest,) begged me to walk in to the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven VISP, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, "JEAMES, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigst you & me, & I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure."

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarkable fond). Has for the Butler, I always *ebomminated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who woar livry, (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs;) and in regard of VISP—why, it was ony the day before the wulgar beest hoffered to fite me, and thretnd to give me a good iding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there 's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I 'm ungry I 've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took a digna-

fied ajew of these minnial domestics; and ascending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking hoff those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by CULLIN, of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

"There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was raythor anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking —MARY HANN OGGINS, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I 'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before; and paying her back not ony the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. 'MARY HANN,' says I, 'suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts' Hall for hever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammin,) and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.'

"MARY HANN didn't hanser my speech, (which I think was remarkable kind,) but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwigst a laugh and a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would

you bleave it? she left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20lb. 10s on the tabil, when she went to hanser the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, with the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring FREDERICK my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure."

* * * * *

"How MISS HEMLY did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest MISS HEMLY'S his—and has for a *blond buty* she as pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeeged my & as she went away!

"MARY HANN now *has* haubin air, and a cumplexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

"I gev FREDERICK two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25*th*.—I am now director of forty-seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the Citty. Although I 've hate or nine new soots of close, and MR. CULLIN fitts me heligant, yet I fansy they hall reckonise me. Conshns wispers to me—'JEAMS, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'"

"28*th*.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That LABLASH is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, LABLASH,' says I, at which hevery body laft.

"I 'm in my new stall. I 've add new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I 'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waisteoat and dimind studds in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my seend man, bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, TELLIONI is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and CARLOTTY, my sweet CARLOTTY, she sets my art in flams.

"Ow that MISS HEMLY was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear?

"What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!

"P. S. Talking of *mounting hup!* the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day."

"2*d July*. Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, LORD GEORGE RINGWOOD (LORD CINQBAR'S son), LORD BALLYBUNNION, HONORABLE CAPTING TRAP, & sevral hother young swells. SIR JOHN'S carridge there in coarse. MISS HEMLY lets fall her booky as I pass, and I 'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, and get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is halways the juice and hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I 'm blest if I didn't slipp hoff agin over his tail; at which BALLYBUNNION & the other chaps rord with lafter.

"As BALLY has istates in Queen's County, I 've put him on the Saint Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction,' from Jamestown to Longwood.' The French are taking it hup heagerly."

"6*th July*. Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I 'm hon.

The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding and Plinlimming.

"Great nashnallity of coarse. Ap Shinkin in the chair, Ap Llwydd in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him; he went strummint on his hojous instrument, and played a toon piguliarly disagreeble to me.

"It was *Pore Mary Hann.* The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal? Sasiaty is sasiaty, it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving-made. What would Cinqbar & Ballybunnion say?

P. S.—I don't like the way that Cingbars has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for Derbyshire's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen and nine at the Star & Garter, Richmond, with the Countess St. Emilion & the Baroness Frontignac. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating ices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooing.

"Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with

MARY HANN, when we were more happy, (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwigst us,) more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splender!"——

"*July* 24. My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kimpletely and chasely funnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips; tables, secritaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

"The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak; round igspanding table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. There's four of his Grace. For Ive remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & considdration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my QUEEND, and 2 of PRINCE HALBERT—as a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered

aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

" The Libery is not yet done.

" But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole —if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up at top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smiling angilliely hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finst Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

" N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. Saint Helenas, 12 pm., Madagascars, 9⅝. Saffron Hill & Rookery Junction, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily incouraging.

" People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd—But I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony—hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, worling round in walce at Halmax with LADY HARR, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with LADY JANE, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so rickliss, is a careworn mann! and yet so it is.

"Imprymus. I 've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

"First, —in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is —I 've read the novvle of Pelham six times, and ham to go through it 4 times mor.

"I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady & a sure seat across Country' assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I 've ad, and the aking boans I 've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

"Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitance of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Exquire, Letter Hex. It 's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies —at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he calls it; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting

the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he 's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young LEWY NEPOLEUM) reseaves me—I hadwance —speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by FITZWARREN, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adressing your neighbour, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I 'm getten on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like MR. MILLS, my rivle in Halbany; MR. MACAULY (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, "The Lays of Hancient Rum); & the great MR. RODGERS himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I *have* given brekfsts sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose: and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Elect* of my friends: the display was sumtious; the company *rcshershy*. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by GUNTER provided. I had a

Countiss on my right, & (the COUNTESS OF WIGGLESBURY, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend GEORGE H—— is the Railway King)—on my left the LADY BLANCHE BLUENOSE—PRINCE TOWROWSKI —the great HUDDLESTONE FUDDLESTONE, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear COUNTESS and LADY BLANCHE was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly FITZWARREN, my man, henters with an air of constanation: "Theres somebody at the door," says he, in a visper.

"'O, it's that dear LADY HEMILY,' says I, 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of her's. Trot them in, FITZWARREN' (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxy).—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing MR. & MRS. BLODDER.

"I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss—TOWROUSKI, and the rest, wealed round & round before my hagitated I's. *It was my Grandmother and* HUNCLE BILL. She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a wegetable donkey-cart.

"Y, Y hadn't JOHN, the tiger, igscluded them?

He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, adwanced in spite of him, HUNCLE BILL bringing in the old lady grinning on his arm!

"Phansy my feelinx."

"Immagin when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room: you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splender, and huncle BILL (pulling hoff his phantail, & seluting the company as respeckfly as his wulgar natur would alow) says—'Crikey, JEAMES, you've got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.' 'Try a few of them plovers hegs, sir.' I says, wishing, I'm asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; 'and I hope, mam, now you've ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshmint wont be out of your way.'

"This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter; and because, in herly times, I'd reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling; she got up my fine linning gratis; shes given me many & many a lb; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and MARYHANN has taken tea.

But never mind *that*. 'Mam,' says I, 'you must be tired hafter your walk.'

"'Walk? Nonsince, JEAMES,' says she; 'its Saturday, & I came in, in *the cart*.' 'Black or green tea, maam?' says FITZWARREN, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink; for he'd halreadly silenced huncle BILL, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

"Wouldn't you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam.,' says that sly wagg CINQBARS. '*He* knows what I likes,' replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glas of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder FITZWARREN to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortint rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, She didn't igspose herself much farther: for when CINQBARS was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, 'Don't, my lord!' on which old Grann, hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, 'A Lord! o, law!' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneezy.

"The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ixtream disgust at the beayviour of my relations, and, having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels; the footmin in peach-coloured tites; the hosses worth 3 hundred a-peace;—and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with 'MARY BLODDER, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,' wrote on the bord, and waiting until my abandind old parint should come out.

"CINQBARS insisted upon helping her in. SIR HUDDLESTON FUDDLESTONE, the great barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the Seau. But little lively good naterd LADY KITTY QUICKSET, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little & out of the carridge to me and said, 'MR. DE LA PLUCHE, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship *is* horrified, and though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.'

"And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that at all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. CINQBARS said I was a trump for

sticking up for the old washerwoman; LORD GEORGE GILLS said she should have his linning; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

"There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise; 'Ho, JEAMES,' says she, 'hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to MARY HANN.'"

"Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! SIR PAUL PUMP ALDGATE & COMPANY. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon, is inkumseavable. I've put FITZWARREN, my man, upon several. REGINALD FITZWARREN, Esquire, looks splended in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

"How the ladies & men too, foller & flatter me! If I go into LADY BINSIS hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, 'O do make room for that dear creature!' And she complyments me on my taste in musick, or my new Broomoss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old LORD BAREACRES,

as stiff as a poaker, as prowd as Loosyfer, as poor as JOAB—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great DE LA PLUCHE, and begged me at HARTHUR'S, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes conversation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him 'BAREACRES, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. LADY PUMP, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old PUMP, from the end of the table, asked me to drink Shampane; and on turning to tak the glass, I saw CHARLES WACKLES (with womb I'd been imployed at COLONEL

SPURRIER'S house) grinning over his shoulder at the Butler.

"The beest reckonized me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: '*How dy doo*, JEAMES,' says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, CHAWLES,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"'I think you said "JEAMES," CHAWLES,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

"'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"'Take that for old friendship, then,' says I, 'and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot.' And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb."

"Have this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend GEORGE, EARL BAREACRES, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the BAREACRE proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flaviour

from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones dont prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also divided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges —much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quick-set, or any of that rubbishing sort of timber; indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there altogether. I gave BAREACRES 50£ an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship, I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or raythor, I should say, is about to reshume the rank & dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied."

"I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of &c., &c., bordered on the North by LORD BAREACRES' Country; on the West by SIR GRANBY GROWLER; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkytect & Survare, a young feller of great imagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffrarian line, has built me a beautiful Villar

(on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I DE LA P., Esquire. The house is reprasented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumwented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsfull of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid suffaces—and a curricle is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with MRS. or perhaps LADY HANGELANA DE LA PLUCHE. I speak adwisedly. *I may* be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to unight my famly once mor with Harrystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

"I've sean sevral times in a dalitifle vishn *a serting Erl*, standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy MR. or SIR JEAMES and LADY HANGELINA DE LA PLUCHE! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honour as a Gent."

"As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Dont Squallop lie amediately betwigst Old Bone House,

Single Gloster. and Scrag End. through which cities our line passes? I will have 40,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not JEAMES. I have aranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Barcacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's acount, I fear. is in a horrid state."

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors—fashionable parties in which MR. JEAMES figures, and almost always by the side of his new friend. LORD BARCACRES, whose "pompossaty,' as described in the last Number, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

"With a prowd and thankfle Art, I coppy off this morning's *Gyzett* the folloing news:—

"'Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

"'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.'"

"'North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

"'JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* BLOWHARD, promoted.'"

"And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed propriator—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Capting? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the French *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadring on my hoss Desparation. How Id extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in youniform! How MARY HANN would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left SIR JOHN'S. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb noat in anvylope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill."

"*Tuesday.* Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatif to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony:—

"'My dear de la Pluche,

"'I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out, was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

"'I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. Lady Bareacres will be in town for the 13th, with Angelina, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

"'All my people are backward with their rents; for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

"'Yours, very gratefully,

"'Bareacres.'

"Note. Bareacres may press me about the Depity Leftnant—but *I'm* for the cavvlery."

Jewly will always be a sacrid anniwussary with me. It was in that month that I became persnally ecquaintid with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

"Long before the hospitious event acurd, you may cmadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igsosted natur *did* clothes my highlids —the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers. Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wickid wickid vishn). One night I actially dremt that Her R. H. THE PRINCESS HALLIS was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the PRINS OF SAX MUFFINGHAUSEN-PUMPENSTEIN, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

"I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my reveared Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the—livries (ojous wud! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear befor entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant youniform of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

"Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the present time and my metured and elygint taste. Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummined to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

"I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have seen WIDDICOMB wear them at HASHLEYS when me and MARY HANN used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs & goold tassles as bigg as belpulls.

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cuphs, according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadvintajusly.*

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acootermenis, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak.*

"But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock At. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmett & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry

of hevery Brittn; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins; an At which *vulgar prejidis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT. I didnt tell BAREACRES of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprize* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving-brush.

"You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well; and had sevral *rehustles*, as they say.

"This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made FITZWARREN, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put MRS. BLOKER, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to reprasent the horgust pusn of my Sovring—FREDERICK, my secknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustrus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. '*Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,*' FITZWARREN, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards THE BRITTISH CROWND, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter *would* git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was wery disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respeckfl hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of

the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night befor my presntation. and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *coodnt* sleep that night. By abowt six o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didn know how to pass the interveaning hours.

"'My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,' says I. 'It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.' Has I ave read in the novvle of 'Kennleworth,' that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes *Hamy Robsart*, I will go down in hall my splender and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detummination; to horder my Broom; to knock down FREDERICK the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The nex sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

"I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart; but the dor of the humble eboad stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

"There was a smell of tea there—there's always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her; but ha! phansy my extonnishment when I sor MARY HANN!

"I halmost faintid with himotion. 'Ho, JEAMES!' (she has said to me subsquintly) mortial mann never looked so bewtifle as you did when you arived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine!'

"R! what little Justas the Hartist has done to my mannly etractions in the groce carriketure he's made of me."

* * * * * *

"Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. Jeames's, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

"As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on *hossback*. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (FITZWARREN, hout of livry, woodnt stand it), and 2 fellers from RIMLES, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames's Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

"The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

"What a momink of triumth it was! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my Moss GRACIOUS Mrs."

You, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the BRITISH CROWND. But I am not one who would gratafy *imputtnint curaiosaty*. Rispect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I. for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

"Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right & of my Him perial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the LORD CHAMBERLING. SIR ROBERT PEAL apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy PRIMMIER by *Punch's* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one*. Nead I say that I elude to HARTHUR OF WELLINGTING? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to

improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvment for a Barnetcy.

"But there was *another* pusn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i's, as MILTING observes, the ecomplisht LADY HANGELINA THISTLEWOOD, daughter of my exlent frend, JOHN GEORGE GODFREY DE BULLION THISTLEWOOD, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K. T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c., &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the LADY HANGELINA was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebudd! Pore MARY HANN, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of HANGELINA!

LADY BAREACRES made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle pusnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare HANGELINA smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, 'O, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance! I have often heard of you.'

"'Who,' says I, 'has mentioned my insiggnifficknt igsistance to the fair LADY HANGELINA, *kel bonure igstrame poor muaw*;' (for you see I've not studdied *Pelham* for nothink, and have lunt a few French phraces, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now).

"'O,' replies my lady, 'it was Papa first; and then a very, *very* old friend of yours.'

"'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid curawsaty——

"'HOGGINS—MARY ANN HOGGINS'—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides). 'She is my maid, MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and I'm afraid you are a very sad, sad person.'

"'A mere baggytell,' says I. 'In fommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman, but haltered suckmstancies have sepparated us for hever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perdew* elsewhere.'

"'Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.'

"'Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins with a *Ha*,' says I, looking her tendarly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

"'MR. DE LA PLUCHE,' here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, 'hadn't you better take your spurs out of the COUNTESS of BARE-ACRES' train?'—'Never mind Mamma's train' (said

LADY HANGELINA); 'this is the great MR. DE LA PLUCHE, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. MR. DE LA PLUCHE, let me present you to CAPTAIN GEORGE SILVERTOP.'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slitely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. 'Go and see for LADY BAREACRES' carridge, CHARLES,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting."

"*Thusday Night.*—O HANGELINA, HANGELINA, my pashn for you hegments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I woar another in my butn-ole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammined the house with my glas!

"She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speek; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that wulgar raskle SILVERTOP, *wood* stay in the box. As if he didn' know (Lady B's as deaf as

a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatytaty*."

"*Friday*.—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of BALFE's Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

"She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mewsick; said I sung myself (I've ad lesns lately of SIGNOR TWANKYDILLO); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my poim:

"WHEN MOONLIKE OER THE HAZURE SEAS."

"'When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soul in dreems,
R HANGELINE! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

"'I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is LADY HANGELINE.

My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember JEAMES?

"'Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember JEAMES?'

"When I came to the last words, 'Dost thou remember JE-E-E-AMS,' I threw such an igspresshn of unuttrabble tenderniss into the shake at the hend, that HANGELINA could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

"O HANGELINA—My adord one, My Arts joy!"

* * * * * * *

BAREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet, SOUTHDOWN, B's eldest son, and GEORGE SILVERTOP, the shabby Capting (who seames to git leaf from his ridgment whenhever he likes), have beene

down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjyng the spawts of the feald there.

"Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me and JIM COX used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges with a pistle) — I was reyther dowtfle as to my suxes as a shot, and practusd for some days at a stoughd bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought AWKER'S 'Shooting-Guide,' two double guns at MANTINGS, and saleeted from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sporting ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller & green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the MCGRIGGER plaid, & a jacket of the MCWHIRTER tartn (with large motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches & osses, and spawting subjix), high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figger in rayther a fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istablishmint exeep FITZWARREN, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricle osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing-case and close.

"I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire.

The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em; and we had a Hagricultral Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a speech drorıng tears from hevery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not prowd, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavinder kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty; I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquerd at Hadjincourt & Cressy; and I gave him a pair of new velveteen inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. FITZWARREN, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushing. Has I sat down defning chears seluted the horator; the band struck up 'The Good Old English Gentleman.' I looked to the ladies galry; my HANGELINA waived her ankasher and kissed her &; and I sor in the distance that pore MARY HANN efected evidently to tears by my ellaquints.

"What an adwance that gal as made since she's been in LADY HANGELINA'S company! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance abowt her

which is puffickly admarable; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetniss, creates in my boozum sertin sensatiums * * * Shor! I *mustn't* give way to fealinx unwuthy of a member of the aristoxy. What can she be to me but a mear recklection, a vishn of former ears?

"I'm blest if I didn mistake her for HANGELINA herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattatude gacing outawinder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the hancient demean.

"'Bewchus LADY HANGELINA,' says I--'A penny for your Ladyship's thoughts,' says I.

"'HO JEAMES! HO, MR. DE LA PLUCHE!' hansered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. 'You know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,' says MARY HANN, busting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her & and tried to cumft her: I pinted out the diffrens of our sitawashuns; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previletches, and that *my* juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till LADY HANGELINA herself came up—'The real Siming Pewer,' as they say in the play.

"There they stood together—them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodnt help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigst 2 Bundles of A."

"That ungrateful beest FITZWARREN—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydyshamber! *He* must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his imperence.

"He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the Harmy—a dangerous pawmpus-spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through LADY HANGELINAS flour-garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but MARY HANN pretending to em an ankysher and MR. FITZWARREN paying his cort to her.

"'You may as well have me, MARY HANN,' says he. 'I've saved money. We'll take a public house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like JEAMES—who's such a snob ('such A SNOBB' was his very words!) that I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper's room too—try a

man,' says he—'don't be taking onabout such a humbug as JEAMES.'

"Here young JOE the keaper's sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing—thereby causing MR. FITZWARREN to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.

"I was in such a rayge. 'Quit the building, MARY HANN,' says I to the young woman—'and you, MR. FITZWARREN, have the goodness to remain.'

"'I give you warning,' roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo.

"'Take hoff your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl,' says I.

"'It's not your livery,' says he.

"'Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own,' says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MACWHIRTER tartn. 'Take my jackit, JOE,' says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattatude about which there was *no mistayk*."

* * * * * * * *

"He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, *blood's everythink;* the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came up and stopt the fite betwigst us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

"I punisht the raskle tremenjusly in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room,

not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggers me dredfl."

On acount of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfimus FITZWARREN, I kep my roomb for sevral days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeble twilike; and a light-bloo satting shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observs 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

"It was MARY HANN who summind the House and put an end to my phistycoughs with FITZWARREN. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting ADOLPHUS, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

"MARY HANN and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. LADY HANGELINA was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, LADY BAREACRES (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by HANGELINA. Now it was a cooling hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Lady-

ship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of HANGELINA could dispose about the chamber of the hinvyleed. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they *will* give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies. and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beef or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless HANGELINA brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

"I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old LORD B. and his son, I had mayd my proposals for HANGELINA, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

"'You must break the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father. 'You have my warmest wishes, my dear MR. DE LA PLUCHE, and those of my LADY BAREACRES: but I am not—not quite certain about LADY ANGELINA'S feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make ANGELINA understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love

and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

"'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me?' says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

"'She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

"'Recklect, gents,' says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging's a barging—I'll pay hoff SOUTHDOWN'S Jews, when I'm his brother—as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—I wouldnt take such *a libbaty*. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the noble ouse of Barcacres to its herly splender. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss imployed by JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire.'

"And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevral thowsnds richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new famly of DELAPLUCHES, and to alie myself with the aristoxy of my country.

"These pints I reprasented to pore MARY HANN

hover and hover agin. 'If you'd been LADY HANGELINA, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you: and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

"There seamd to be a consperracy, too, between that SILVERTOP and LADY HANGELINA to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, PLUCHE,' says he (he was raythor more familliar than I liked), 'in your fight with FITZWARREN!—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous folsood: I should have finnisht FITZ in 10 minnits), for the sake of poor MARY HANN! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?'

"'CAPTING S.,' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afrayd of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am; as brayv as BONYPERT, HANNIBLE, or HOLIVER CRUMMLE, and would face bagnits as well as any Evy drigoon of 'em all.

"LADY HANGELINA, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. 'MR DE LA PLUCHE (seshee) why, why

press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

"'I adoar you, charming gal!' says I, 'Never, never go to say any such thing.'

"'You adored MARY ANN first;' answers her Ladyship; 'you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*.'

"'Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for MARY HANN, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and er. It's a pang to part with her (says I my fine hi's filling with tears), but part from her I must.'

"It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, LADY HANGELINA, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"'What a sacrifice!' says she, 'it's like NAPOLEON giving up JOSEPHINE. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

"'It does,' says I—'Hagnies!' (another laff.)

"'And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!'

"'I don't know what you're eluding to about JOSEYFEEN and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper: that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, LADY HANGELINA,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, 'Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe, and smoke it.'

"And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

"'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.'"

"CONTRY to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming?) MARY HANN didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with HANGELINAR. I was raythor disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vanaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks: & betwigst you & me there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I 'd been borne a

Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

"Meanwild every-think went on very agreeble betwigst me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd MR. SHOWERY the great Hoctionear to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quality. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Mawning* Erald—no no, I 'm not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms & pedigry.

"I hordered in Long Hacre, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated MR. SHALLOON, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that distinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to HANGELINA. Its not considered flattering—here it is—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there 's *one* young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi."

"Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost? It was bought in by MARYHANN, though:—'O dear JEAMES,' she says often, (kissing of it & pressing it to her art) 'it isn't ¼ ansum enough for you, and

hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshun of your dear dear i's.'"

"HANGELINA's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse, I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Beuty* this year: and here is a proof of the etching:—

"With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, is very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and her brother SOUTHDOWN, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The Castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, KING WILLIAM was on deck.
A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hasting's fatal fray—
ST. WILLIBALD for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!

O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in may a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing;
O! grant me, sweet Saint Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Saint Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A Snob.

"All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle. They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young chaps; but the ideer of Southdown in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is rayther too good; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as a babby, with a vaist like a gal,—and though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest

cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io! *my* cab-days is over."

"Be still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!"

"My frends! you've seen me ither2 in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover prowd of my prawsperraty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life) but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an ollif-green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsn plush weskoat with glas-buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equel to either good or bad forting.

"What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my HANGELINA was gaynd,

the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddin-kake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by Mesurs Gunter, of Buckley-square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennybody (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by His Iness the Injan Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the extablishmint of Mysurs Storr and Mortimer. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit Mr. Hudson's) as my town-house. I waited to cumclude the putchis untle the Share-Markit which was raythe deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrabble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

"This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. *I* am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money; —it's not *my* fault if that old screw Lady Bareacres

cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that LADY B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverything, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

"Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and MARY HANN as famdyshamber to my HANGELINA. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseedinkly.

"I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stock-brokers & bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt befor I got these in horder: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exceedingly.

"One thing distubbed my mind—two weskts had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver; —which should I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallin-all*; and wear whichever *she* phixt on.

"There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street; which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared most uncommon when I kem in— the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—

"'Her ladyship's not—not at *home*,' says the man; 'and my lady's hill in bed.'

"'Git lunch,' says I, 'I'll wait till Lady HANGELINA returns.'

"At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the

impident old raskle; and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—'*I say, Huffy, old boy!* ISN'T *this a good un?*'

"Wadyermean, you infunnle scoundrel," says I, "hollaring and laffing at me?"

"'O here's Miss MARY HANN coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask *her*'—and indeed there came my little MARY HANN tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush & look hod & then to grin too.

"'In the name of Imperence, says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*.' and I sent him staggerin up aginst the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when MARY HANN, jumping down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush! read this' —and she pulled out a billy doo.

"I reckanized the and-writing of HANGELINA.

"Deseatful HANGELINA's billy ran as follows —

"'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me,

but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from the home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

"'When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit: they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

"'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave MARY ANN behind to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear MR. PLUSH, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer, "'A.'

"'P.S. I leave the wedding-dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become MRS. PLUSH admirably.'"

"This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojous MARY HANN half a cryin, half a laffing at me! 'Who has she gone hoff with?' rors I; and MARY HANN (smiling

with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was SILVERTOP then!

"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniacal igsitement!

"The storry of that iloapmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from the 'Morning Tatler' newspaper."

"ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

"The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. "Yesterday's paper, it was supposed in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of JAMES DE LA PL—CHE, ESQ., and the LADY ANGELINA ——, daughter of the Right Honorable the EARL OF B—RE—CRES. The preparations for this ceremony were complete: we had the pleasure of in-

specting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by Miss Twiddler, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of Messrs. Storr & Mortimer; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned, is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr. De la Pl—che; the superb carriages and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at Mivart's. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonised and noble parents of the Lady Angelina—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal: we have it from the waiters of Mivart's that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended; but Mr. Macann, the celebrated Surgeon, of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

"The frantic agonies of the Right Honorable the Earl of Bareacres can be imagined by every pater-

nal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon. One was threatened with a cane; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter: but being of the Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be THE MOST ACCURATE PARTICULARS of this extraordinary occurrence.

"GEORGE FREDERICK JENNINGS, third footman in the establishment of LORD BAREACRES, stated to our *employé* as follows:—LADY ANGELINA had been promised to MR. DE LA PLUCHE for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to MARY ANN HOGGINS, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where MR. DE LA P.

was employed. Miss Hoggins became subsequently ladies' maid to Lady Angelina—the elopement was arranged between those two.—It was Miss Hoggins who delivered the note which informed the bereaved Mr. Plush of his loss.

"Samuel Buttons, page to the Right Honorable the Earl of Bareacres, was ordered on Friday forenoon, at eleven o'clock, to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab No. 19,796, driven by George Gregory Macarty, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with the vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid, Miss Mary Ann Hoggins, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to Madame Crinoline's, the eminent milliner, in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, Buttons was peremptorily ordered by Miss Hoggins to go about his business.

"Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather of the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small dif-

ficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead, doubtless, of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), MACARTY had not gone out with the cab for the last two days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman been himself a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"At MADAME CRINOLINE'S, MISS HOGGINS quitted the carriage, and *a gentleman* entered it. MACARTY describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall), with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trousers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple *to the Euston Square Station*, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently, we have stated.

"At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from FREDERICK CORDUROY, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

"*SECOND EDITION.*

"(FROM OUR REPORTER.)

'"*Newcastle, Monday.*

"'I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind-boot, as they are putting to.'

"*THIRD EDITION.*

"'*Gretna Green, Monday Evening.*

"'The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between GEORGE GRANBY SILVERTOP, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of GENERAL JOHN SILVERTOP, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and LADY EMILY SILVERTOP, daughter of the late sister of the present EARL OF BAREACRES, and the LADY ANGELINA AMELIA ARETHUSA ANACONDA ALEXAN-

DRINA ALICOMPANIA ANNEMARIA ANTOINETTA, daughter of the last named EARL BAREACRES.'

(*Here follows a long Extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.*)

"After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former, the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

"*FOURTH EDITION.*

"SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

"'WHISTLEBINKIE, N. B., *Monday, midnight.*

"'I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have had the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence

at the Cairngorm Arms—mine are at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

"'On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, 'Is it you, SOUTHDOWN, my boy? You have come too late: unless you are come to have some supper;' or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the LORD VISCOUNT SOUTHDOWN, and politely apprised CAPTAIN SILVERTOP (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

"'Who the deuce (the Captain used a stronger term) are you, then?' said MR. SILVERTOP. 'Are you BAGGS & TAPEWELL, my uncle's attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.'

"'I briefly explained that I was not BAGGS & TAPEWELL, but that my name was J—NS, and that I was a gentleman connected with the Establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

"'And what has brought you here, MR. MORNING TATLER?' asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

"'And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper? The *Morning Tatler* be —— (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel.'

"'Scoundrel, sir!' said I. 'Yes,' replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this *gentleman*. 'Help, landlord!' I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, 'murder,' and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, 'Give it him, Captain.' A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped, and said, 'Well, JIMS, I won't fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, JIMS, and order a glass of brandy and water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is.'

"With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, MR. SILVERTOP entered the inn. I need

not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty."

"THUS you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. HANGELINA! I forgive thee. Mace thoube appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel availed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be½!

"I went home like a maniack, after hearing the enouncement of HANGELINA'S departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensable remark I made to EARL BAREACRES, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshin of the diminds & Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find.* Ony it was wisperd that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn.* Let er keep it.

"SOUTHDOWN was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to adwance 50lb, so that he might purshew his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asombly*.

"All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follored HANGELINAR in imadganation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mallydickshuns on the hinfamus SILVERTOP. I kickd and rored in my unhuttarable whoe! I seazd my pillar; I pitcht into it: pummld it, strangled it, ha har! I thought it was SILVERTOP writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis Villing lim from lim in the terrable strenth of my despare! . . . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly DE LA PLUCHE!

"'Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,' I micanickly igsclaimed. I had not perused it for the 3 past

days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hevns & huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbady had given me cold pig?—I red REWIN in that Share-list—the PANNICK was in full hoparation!

* * * * *

"Shall I discribe that Kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimilliar? My & rifewses to cronnicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primmium, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at ½ discount; my Central Ichaboes at ⅜ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primmium down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follow in MR. PLUSH'S MS. about twenty-our pages of railroad calculations, which we pre-ermit.)

"Those beests, PUMP & ALDGATE, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threatnen letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence: woodn't advance me five thousnd on 250000 worth of scrip;

kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out SPOUT, the jewnior partner, saying they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did: I paid the three-and-six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

"The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerded me in my own Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep Misfortn out of my chambers; and MRS. TWIDDLER, of Pall Mall, and MR. HUNX, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion.' What an adwertisement GEORGE ROBINS *did* make of it; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing! My chice plait; my seller of wine; my picturs—that of myself included (it was MARYHANN, bless her! that bought it, unbeknown to me); all—all went to the ammer. That brootle FITZWARREN, my ex-vally, womb I met, fimilliarly slapt me on the sholder, and said, 'JEAMES, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis aginn.'"

"I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvvices—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabble captif for 6 mortial weeks. Misrabble shall I say? no, not misrabble altogether; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had

visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can guess, it was my blue-eyed blushing Hangel of a MARY HANN! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma?' MARY HANN said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't prowd. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then UNCLE BILL said, 'Well, there *is* some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry."

The PLUSH manuscript finishes here; it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend LIONEL THISTLEWOOD, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of LADY ANGELINA SILVERTOP. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate: he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct: and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What Lord Southdown has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that Lady Angelina Silvertop presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, Mary Ann Hoggins, on her marriage with Mr. James Plush, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public house, near Sheppherd's Market, May Fair; a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel

stroke of business in the neighborhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butlers' Club" is held.

Here MR. PLUSH lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humor. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. MR. PLUSH blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Prince's Theatre, "without with your leaf or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fellow said, "I'm appy—praps betwigst you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth and my suvvice to you, Sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my MARY HANN, he's a beest: and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my complments to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him to be godfather."

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the good old days of chivalry, when every mountain that bathes its shadows in the Rhine had its castle—not inhabited as now by a few rats and owls, nor covered with moss and wall-flowers, and funguses, and creeping ivy—no, no! where the ivy now clusters there grew strong portcullis and bars of steel; where the wall-flower now quivers in the rampart there were silken banners embroidered with wonderful heraldry; men-at-arms marched where now you shall only see a bank of moss or a hideous black champignon; and in place of the rats and owlets, I warrant me there were ladies and knights to revel in the great halls, and to feast and to dance, and to make love there. They are passed away. Those old knights and ladies, their golden hair first changed to silver, and then pure silver it dropped off and disappeared for ever; their elegant legs, so slim and active in

the dance, became swollen and gouty, and then, from being swollen and gouty, dwindled down to bare bone shanks; the roses left their cheeks, and then their cheeks disappeared, and left their skulls, and then their skulls powdered into dust, and all sign of them was gone. And as it was with them so shall it be with us. Ho, seneschal! fill me up a cup of liquor! put sugar in it, good fellow, yea, and a little hot water—a very little, for my soul is sad, as I think of those days and knights of old.

They, too, have revelled and feasted, and where are they?—gone? nay, not altogether gone; for doth not the eye catch glimpses of them as they walk yonder in the gray limbo of romance, shining faintly in their coats of steel, wandering by the side of long-haired ladies, with long-tailed gowns that little pages carry. Yes; one sees them: the poet sees them still in the far off Cloudland, and hears the ring of their clarions as they hasten to battle or tourney—and the dim echoes of their lutes chanting of love and fair ladies! Gracious privilege of poesy! It is as the Dervish's collyrium to the eyes, and causes them to see treasures that to the sight of donkeys are invisible. Blessed treasures of fancy! I would not change ye; no, not for many donkey-loads of gold. . . Fill again, jolly seneschal, thou brave wag: chalk me up the produce on the hostel door—surely the spirits of old are mixed up in the wondrous liquor, and gentle

visions of by-gone princes and princesses look blandly down on us from the cloudy perfume of the pipe. Do you know in what year the fairies left the Rhine? —long before Murray's Guide-Book was wrote—long before squat steamboats, with snorting funnels, came paddling down the stream. Do you not know that once upon a time the appearance of eleven thousand British virgins was considered at Cologne as a wonder? Now there come twenty thousand such annually, accompanied by their ladies'-maids. But of them we will say no more—let us back to those who went before them.

Many, many hundred thousand years ago, and at the exact period when chivalry was in full bloom, there occurred a little history upon the banks of the Rhine, which has been already written in a book, and hence must be positively true. 'Tis a story of knights and ladies—of love and battle and virtue rewarded, a story of princes and noble lords, moreover the best of company. Gentles, an ye will, ye shall hear it. Fair dames and damsels, may your loves be as happy as those of the heroine of this romaunt.

On the cold and rainy evening of Thursday the 26th of October, in the year previously indicated, such travellers as might have chanced to be abroad in that bitter night, might have remarked a fellow-wayfarer journeying on the road from Oberwinter to Godesberg. He was a man not tall in stature, but

of the most athletic proportions, and Time, which had browned and furrowed his cheek, and sprinkled his locks with gray, declared pretty clearly that He must have been acquainted with the warrior for some fifty good years. He was armed in mail, and rode a powerful and active battle-horse, which (though the way the pair had come that day was long and weary indeed) yet supported the warrior, his armour and luggage, with seeming ease. As it was in a friend's country, the knight did not think fit to wear his heavy *destrier*, or helmet, which hung at his saddle-bow over his portmanteau. Both were marked with the coronet of a Count; and from the crown which surmounted the helmet, rose the crest of his knightly race, an arm proper lifting a naked sword.

At his right hand and convenient to the warrior's grasp hung his mangonel or mace—a terrific weapon which had shattered the brains of many a turbaned soldan; while over his broad and ample chest there fell the triangular shield of the period, whereon were emblazoned his arms—argent, a gules wavy, on a saltire reversed of the second; the latter device was awarded for a daring exploit before Ascalon, by the Emperor Maximilian, and a reference to the German Peerage of that day, or a knowledge of high families which every gentleman then possessed, would have sufficed to show at once that the rider we have described was of the noble house of Hombourg. It was,

in fact, the gallant knight Sir Ludwig of Hombourg —his rank as a count, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, was marked by the cap of maintenance with the peacock's feather which he wore (when not armed for battle), and his princely blood was denoted by the oiled silk umbrella which he carried (a very meet protection against the pitiless storm), and which, as it is known, in the middle ages, none but princes were justified in using. A bag, fastened with a brazen padlock, and made of the costly produce of the Persian looms, (then extremely rare in Europe,) told that he had travelled in Eastern climes. This, too, was evident from the inscription writ on card or parchment and sewed on the bag. It first ran "Count Ludwig de Hombourg, Jerusalem;" but the name of the Holy City had been dashed out with the pen, and that of "Godesberg" substituted—so far indeed had the cavalier travelled!—and it is needless to state that the bag in question contained such remaining articles of the toilet, as the high-born noble deemed unnecessary to place in his valise.

"By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen!" said the good knight, shivering, "'tis colder here than at Damascus! Marry, I am so hungry I could eat one of Saladin's camels. Shall I be at Godesberg in time for dinner?" And taking out his horologe, (which hung in a small side-pocket of his embroidered surcoat,) the crusader consoled himself by finding that it

was but seven of the night, and that he would reach Godesberg ere the warder had sounded the second gong.

His opinion was borne out by the result. His good steed, which could trot at a pinch fourteen leagues in the hour, brought him to this famous castle, just as the warder was giving the first welcome signal which told that the princely family of Count Karl Margrave, of Godesberg, were about to prepare for their usual repast at eight o'clock. Crowds of pages and horsekeepers were in the Court, when the portcullis being raised, and amidst the respectful salutes of the sentinels, the most ancient friend of the house of Godesberg entered into its Castle yard. The under-butler stepped forward to take his bridle-rein. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," exclaimed the faithful old man. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," cried the rest of the servants in the hall; and a stable was speedily found for the Count's horse, Streithengst, and it was not before the gallant soldier had seen that true animal well cared for, that he entered the castle itself, and was conducted to his chamber. Wax candles burning bright on the mantel, flowers in china vases, every variety of soap, and a flask of the precious essence, manufactured at the neighbouring city of Cologne, were displayed on his toilet-table; a cheering fire "crackled in the hearth," and showed that the good knight's coming had been looked and cared

for. The serving maidens, bringing him hot-water for his ablutions, smiling asked, "would he have his couch warmed at eve?" One might have been sure from their blushes that the tough old soldier made an arch reply. The family tonsor came to know whether the noble Count had need of his skill. "By Saint Bugo," said the knight, as seated in an easy settle by the fire, the tonsor rid his chin of its stubby growth, and lightly passed the tongs and pomatum through 'the sable silver' of his hair. "By Saint Bugo, this is better than my dungeon at Grand Cairo. How is my godson Otto, Master Barber; and the Lady Countess, his mother; and the noble Count Karl, my dear brother-in-arms?"

"They are well," said the tonsor, with a sigh.

"By Saint Bugo, I am glad on't; but why that sigh?"

"Things are not as they have been with my good lord," answered the hair-dresser, "ever since Count Gottfried's arrival."

"He here!" roared Sir Ludwig. "Good never came where Gottfried was;" and the while he donned a pair of silken hose, that showed admirably the proportions of his lower limbs, and exchanged his coat of mail for the spotless vest and black surcoat collared with velvet of Genoa, which was the fitting costume for "knight in ladye's bower,"—the knight entered into a conversation with the barber, who ex-

plained to him with the usual garrulousness of his tribe, what was the present position of the noble family of Godesberg.

This will be narrated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE GODESBERGERS.

'Tis needless to state that the gallant warrior Ludwig, of Hombourg, found in the bosom of his friend's family a cordial welcome. The brother-in-arms of the Margrave Karl, he was the esteemed friend of the Margravine, the exalted and beautiful Theodora, of Boppum, and (albeit no theologian, and although the first princes of Christendom coveted such an honour,) he was selected to stand as sponsor for the Margrave's son Otto, the only child of his house.

It was now seventeen years since the Count and Countess had been united: and although Heaven had not blest their couch with more than one child, it may be said of that one, that it was a prize, and that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. When Count Ludwig, hastening to the holy wars, had quitted his beloved godchild, he had left him a boy; he now found him, as the latter rushed into his arms, grown to be one of the finest young

men in Germany: tall and excessively graceful in proportion, with the blush of health mantling upon his cheek, that was likewise adorned with the first down of manhood, and with magnificent golden ringlets, such as a Rowland might envy, curling over his brow and his shoulders. His eyes alternately beamed with the fire of daring, or melted with the moist glance of benevolence. Well might a mother be proud of such a boy! Well might the brave Ludwig exclaim, as he clasped the youth to his breast, "By St. Bugo of Katzenellenbogen, Otto! thou art fit to be one of Cœur de Lion's grenadiers;"—and it was the fact, the "Childe" of Godesberg measured six feet three.

He was habited for the evening meal in the costly, though simple attire of the nobleman of the period—and his costume a good deal resembled that of the old knight whose toilet we have just described; with the difference of colour however. The *pourpoint* worn by Young Otto, of Godesberg, was of blue, handsomely decorated with buttons of carved and embossed gold; his *haut-de-chausses* or leggins were of the stuff of Nanquin, then brought by the Lombard argosies at an immense price from China. The neighbouring country of Holland had supplied his wrist and bosom with the most costly laces; and thus attired, with an opera-hat placed on one side of his head, ornamented with a single flower (that brilliant

one the tulip), the boy rushed into his godfather's dressing-room, and warned him that the banquet was ready.

It was indeed: a frown had gathered on the dark brows of the Lady Theodora, and her bosom heaved with an emotion akin to indignation—for she feared lest the soups in the refectory and the splendid fish now smoking there were getting cold—she feared not for herself, but for her lord's sake. "Godesberg," whispered she to Count Ludwig, as trembling on his arm they descended from the drawing-room, "Godesberg is sadly changed of late."

"By Saint Bugo!" said the burly knight, starting; "these are the very words the barber spake!"

The lady heaved a sigh, and placed herself before the soup-tureen. For some time the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was too much occupied in ladling out the forced-meat balls and rich calves'-head of which the delicious pottage was formed (in ladling them out, did we say? ay, marry, and in eating them too,) to look at his brother-in-arms at the bottom of the table, where he sat with his son on his left-hand, and the Baron Gottfried on his right.

The Margrave was *indeed* changed. "By Saint Bugo," whispered Ludwig to the Countess, "your husband is as surly as a bear that hath been wounded o' the head." Tears falling into her soup-plate were her only reply. The soup, the turbot, the haunch of

mutton, Count Ludwig remarked that the Margrave sent all away untasted.

"The Boteler will serve ye with wine, Hombourg," said the Margrave gloomily from the end of the table; not even an invitation to drink! how different was this from the old times!

But when in compliance with this order the boteler proceeded to hand round the mantling vintage of the Cape to the assembled party, and to fill young Otto's goblet (which the latter held up with the eagerness of youth), the Margrave's rage knew no bounds. He rushed at his son; he dashed the wine-cup over his spotless vest; and giving him three or four heavy blows which would have knocked down a bonassus, but only caused the young childe to blush; "*you* take wine!" roared out the Margrave; "*you* dare to help yourself! Who the d–v–l gave *you* leave to help yourself?" and the terrible blows were reiterated over the delicate ears of the boy.

"Ludwig! Ludwig!" shrieked the Margravine.

"Hold your prate, Madam," roared the Prince. "By Saint Buffo, mayn't a father beat his own child?"

"His own child!" repeated the Margrave, with a burst, almost a shriek of indescribable angony. "Ah, what did I say?"

Sir Ludwig looked about him in amaze; Sir

Gottfried (at the Margrave's right-hand) smiled ghastlily; the young Otto was too much agitated by the recent conflict to wear any expression but that of extreme discomfiture; but the poor Margravine turned her head aside and blushed, red almost as the lobster which flanked the turbot before her.

In those rude old times, 'tis known such table quarrels were by no means unusual amongst gallant knights; and Ludwig, who had oft seen the Margrave cast a leg of mutton at an offending servitor, or empty a sauce-boat in the direction of the Margravine, thought this was but one of the usual outbreaks of his worthy though irascible friend, and wisely determined to change the converse.

"How is my friend," said he, "the good knight, Sir Hildebrandt?"

"By Saint Buffo, this is too much!" screamed the Margrave, and actually rushed from the room.

"By Saint Bugo," said his friend, "gallant knights, gentle sirs, what ails my good Lord Margrave?"

"Perhaps his nose bleeds," said Gottfried, with a sneer.

"Ah, my kind friend," said the Margravine, with uncontrollable emotion, "I fear one of you have passed from the frying-pan into the fire;" and making the signal of departure to the ladies, they rose and retired to coffee in the drawing-room.

The Margrave presently came back again, somewhat more collected than he had been. "Otto," he said sternly, "go join the ladies: it becomes not a young boy to remain in the company of gallant knights after dinner." The noble childe, with manifest unwillingness, quitted the room, and the Margrave, taking his lady's place at the head of the table, whispered to Sir Ludwig, "Hildebrandt will be here to-night to an evening party, given in honour of your return from Palestine. My good friend—my true friend—my old companion in arms, Sir Gottfried! you had best see that the fiddlers be not drunk, and that the crumpets be gotten ready." Sir Gottfried, obsequiously taking his patron's hint, bowed and left the room.

"You shall know all soon, dear Ludwig," said the Margrave, with a heart-rending look. "You marked Gottfried, who left the room anon?"

"I did."

"You look incredulous concerning his worth; but I tell thee, Ludwig, that yonder Gottfried is a good fellow, and my fast friend. Why should he not be? He is my near relation, heir to my property; should I (here the Margrave's countenance assumed its former expression of excruciating agony), *should I have no son.*"

"But I never saw the boy in better health," replied Sir Ludwig.

"Nevertheless, ha, ha! it may chance that I shall soon have no son."

The Margrave had crushed many a cup of wine during dinner, and Sir Ludwig thought naturally that his gallant friend had drunken rather deeply. He proceeded in this respect to imitate him: for the stern soldier of those days neither shrunk before the Paynim nor the punch-bowl, and many a rousing night had our crusader enjoyed in Syria with lion-hearted Richard; with his coadjutor, Godfrey of Bouillon; nay, with the dauntless Saladin himself.

"You knew Gottfried in Palestine?" asked the Margrave.

"I did."

"Why did ye not greet him, then, as ancient comrades should, with the warm grasp of friendship? It is not because Sir Gottfried is poor? You know well that he is of race as noble as thine own, my early friend!"

"I care not for his race nor for his poverty," replied the blunt crusader. "What says the Minnesinger? 'Marry, that the rank is but the stamp of the guinea; the man is the gold.' And I tell thee, Karl of Godesberg, that yonder Gottfried is base metal."

"By Saint Buffo, thou beliest him, dear Ludwig."

"By Saint Bugo, dear Karl, I say sooth. The

fellow was known i' the camp of the crusaders—disreputably known. Ere he joined us in Palestine, he had sojourned in Constantinople, and learned the arts of the Greek. He is a cogger of dice, I tell thee—a chanter of horse-flesh. He won five thousand marks from bluff Richard of England, the night before the storming of Ascalon, and I caught him with false trumps in his pocket. He warranted a bay mare to Conrad of Mont Serrat, and the rogue had fired her."

"Ha, mean ye that Sir Gottfried is a *leg?*" cried Sir Karl, knitting his brows. "Now, by my blessed patron, Saint Buffo of Bonn, had any other but Ludwig of Hombourg, so said, I would have cloven him from skull to chine."

"By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen, I will prove my words on Sir Gottfried's body—not on thine, old brother in arms. And to do the knave justice, he is a good lance. Holy Bugo! but he did good service at Acre! But his character was such that, spite of his bravery, he was dismissed the army, nor ever allowed to sell his captain's commission."

"I have heard of it," said the Margrave; "Gottfried hath told me of it. 'Twas about some silly quarrel over the wine-cup—a mere silly jape, believe me. Hugo de Brodenel would have no black bottle on the board. Gottfried was wroth, and to say sooth, flung the black bottle at the County's head. Hence

his dismission and abrupt return. But you know not," continued the Margrave with a heavy sigh, "of what use that worthy Gottfried has been to me. He has uncloaked a traitor to me."

"Not *yet*," answered Hombourg, satirically.

"By Saint Buffo! a deep-dyed dastard; a dangerous, damnable traitor!—a nest of traitors. Hildebrandt is a traitor—Otto is a traitor—and Theodora (oh, Heaven!) she—she is *another*." The old Prince burst into tears at the word, and was almost choked with emotion.

"What means this passion, dear friend?" cried Sir Ludwig, seriously alarmed.

"Mark, Ludwig; mark Hildebrandt and Theodora together; mark Hildebrandt and *Otto* together. Like, like I tell thee as two peas. O holy saints, that I should be born to suffer this!—to have all my affections wrenched out of my bosom, and to be left alone in my old age! But, hark! the guests are arriving. An ye will not empty another flask of claret, let us join the ladyes i' the withdrawing chamber. When there, mark *Hildebrandt and Otto*."

CHAPTER III.

THE FESTIVAL.

The festival was indeed begun. Coming on horseback, or in their caroches, knights and ladies of the highest rank were assembled in the grand saloon of Godesberg, which was splendidly illuminated to receive them. Servitors, in rich liveries, (they were attired in doublets of the sky-blue broad-cloth of Ypres, and hose of the richest yellow sammit—the colours of the house of Godesberg,) bore about various refreshments on trays of silver—cakes, baked in the oven, and swimming in melted butter; manchets of bread, smeared with the same delicious condiment, and carved so thin that you might have expected them to take wing, and fly to the ceiling; coffee, introduced by Peter the hermit, after his excursion into Arabia, and tea such as only Boheamia could produce, circulated amidst the festive throng, and were eagerly devoured by the guests. The Margrave's gloom was unheeded by them—how little indeed is the smiling crowd aware of the pangs that are lurking in the breasts of those who bid them to the feast! The Margravine was pale; but woman knows how to deceive; she was more than ordinarily courteous to her friends, and laughed, though the

laugh was hollow, and talked, though the talk was loathsome to her.

"The two are together," said the Margrave, clutching his friend's shoulder. "*Now look.*"

Sir Ludwig turned towards a quadrille, and there, sure enough, were Sir Hildebrandt and young Otto standing side by side in the dance. Two eggs were not more like! The reason of the Margrave's horrid suspicion at once flashed across his friend's mind.

"'Tis clear as the staff of a pike," said the poor Margrave, mournfully. "Come, brother, away from the scene; let us go play a game at cribbage!" and retiring to the Margravine's *boudoir*, the two warriors sat down to the game.

But though 'tis an interesting one, and though the Margrave won, yet he could not keep his attention on the cards; so agitated was his mind by the dreadful secret which weighed upon it. In the midst of their play, the obsequious Gottfried came to whisper a word in his patron's ear, which threw the latter into such a fury, that apoplexy was apprehended by the two lookers on. But the Margrave mastered his emotion. "*At what time*, did you say?" said he, to Gottfried.

"At day-break, at the outer gate."

"I will be there."

"*And so will I too*," thought Count Ludwig, the good knight of Hombourg.

CHAPTER IV.

How often does man, proud man, make calculations for the future, and think he can bend stern fate to his will! Alas, we are but creatures in its hands! How many a slip between the lip and the lifted wine-cup! How often, though seemingly with a choice of couches to repose upon, do we find ourselves dashed to earth; and then we are fain to say the grapes are sour, because we cannot attain them; or worse, to yield to anger in consequence of our own fault. Sir Ludwig, the Hombourger, was *not at the outer gate* at day-break.

He slept until ten of the clock. The previous night's potations had been heavy, the day's journey had been long and rough. The knight slept as a soldier would, to whom a feather-bed is a rarity, and who wakes not till he hears the blast of the reveille.

He looked up as he woke. At his bed-side sat the Margrave. He had been there for hours watching his slumbering comrade. Watching?—no, not watching, but awake by his side, brooding over thoughts unutterably bitter—over feelings inexpressibly wretched.

"What's o'clock?" was the first natural exclamation of the Hombourger.

"I believe it is five o'clock," said his friend. It was ten. It might have been twelve, two, half-past four, twenty minutes to six, the Margrave would still have said, "*I believe it is five o'clock.*" The wretched take no count of time, it flies with unequal pinions, indeed, for *them*."

"Is breakfast over?" inquired the crusader.

"Ask the butler," said the Margrave, nodding his head wildly, rolling his eyes wildly, smiling wildly.

"Gracious Buffo!" said the knight of Hombourg, "what has ailed thee, my friend? It is ten o'clock by my horologe. Your regular hour is nine. You are not—no, by Heavens! you are not shaved! You wear the tights and silken hose of last evening's banquet. Your collar is all rumpled—'tis that of yesterday. *You have not been to bed?* What has chanced, brother of mine, what has chanced?"

"A common chance, Louis of Hombourg," said the Margrave, "one that chances every day. A false woman, a false friend, a broken heart. *This* has chanced. I have not been to bed."

"What mean ye?" cried Count Ludwig, deeply affected. "A false friend? *I* am not a false friend —a false woman. Surely the lovely Theodora your wife"—

"I have no wife, Louis, now; I have no wife and no son."

* * * * * * * *

In accents broken by grief, the Margrave explained what had occurred. Gottfried's information was but too correct. There was *a cause* for the likeness between Otto and Sir Hildebrandt; a fatal cause! Hildebrandt and Theodora had met at dawn at the outer gate. The Margrave had seen them. They walked long together; they embraced. Ah! how the husband's, the father's, feelings were harrowed at that embrace! They parted; and then the Margrave coming forward, coldly signified to his lady that she was to retire to a convent for life, and gave orders that the boy should be sent too, to take the vows at a monastery.

Both sentences had been executed. Otto, in a boat, and guarded by a company of his father's men-at-arms, was on the river going towards Cologne to the monastery of Saint Buffo there. The lady Theodora, under the guard of Sir Gottfried and an attendant, were on their way to the convent of Nonnenwerth, which many of our readers have seen—the beautiful Green Island Convent, laved by the bright waters of the Rhine!

"What road did Gottfried take?" asked the knight of Hombourg, grinding his teeth.

"You cannot overtake him," said the Margrave. "My good Gottfried, he is my only comfort, now; he is my kinsman, and shall be my heir. He will be back anon."

"Will he so?" thought Sir Ludwig. "I will ask him a few questions ere he return." And springing from his couch, he began forthwith to put on his usual morning dress of complete armour; and, after a hasty ablution, donned not his cap of maintenance, but his helmet of battle. He rang the bell violently.

"A cup of coffee, straight," said he, to the servitor, who answered the summons; "bid the cook pack me a sausage and bread in paper, and the groom saddle Streithengst; we have far to ride."

The various orders were obeyed. The horse was brought; the refreshments disposed of; the clattering steps of the departing steed were heard in the court-yard; but the Margrave took no notice of his friend, and sat, plunged in silent grief, quite motionless by the empty bed-side.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

The Hombourger led his horse down the winding path which conducts from the hill and castle of Godenberg into the beautiful green plain below. Who has not seen that lovely plain, and who that has seen it has not loved it? A thousand sunny vineyards and

cornfields stretch around in peaceful luxuriance; the mighty Rhine floats by it in silver magnificence, and on the opposite bank rise the seven mountains robed in majestic purple, the monarchs of the royal scene.

A pleasing poet, Lord Byron, in describing this very scene, has mentioned that "peasant girls, with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer cake and wine" are perpetually crowding round the traveller in this delicious district, and proffering to him their rustic presents. This was no doubt the case in former days, when the noble bard wrote his elegant poems—in the happy ancient days! when maidens were as yet generous, and men kindly! Now the degenerate peasantry of the district are much more inclined to ask than to give, and their blue eyes to have disappeared with their generosity.

But as it was a long time ago that the events of our story occurred, 'tis probable that the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was greeted upon his path by this fascinating peasantry, though we know not how he accepted their welcome. He continued his ride across the flat green country, until he came to Rolandseck, whence he could command the Island of Nonnenwerth (that lies in the Rhine opposite that place), and all who went to it or passed from it.

Over the entrance of a little cavern in one of the rocks hanging above the Rhine-stream at Rolandseck, and covered with odoriferous cactuses and silvery

magnolia, the traveller of the present day may perceive a rude broken image of a saint; that image represented the venerable Saint Buffo of Bonn, the patron of the Margrave, and Sir Ludwig kneeling on the greensward, and reciting a censer, an ave, and a couple of acolytes before it, felt encouraged to think that the deed he meditated was about to be performed under the very eyes of his friend's sanctified patron. His devotion done (and the knight of those days was as pious as he was brave), Sir Louis, the gallant Hombourger, exclaimed with a loud voice:

"Ho! hermit! holy hermit, art thou in thy cell?"

"Who calls the poor servant of Heaven and Saint Buffo?" exclaimed a voice from the cavern: and presently, from beneath the wreaths of geranium and magnolia, appeared an intensely venerable, ancient, and majestic head—'twas that, we need not say, of Saint Buffo's solitary. A silver beard hanging to his knees gave his person an appearance of great respectability; his body was robed in simple brown serge, and girt with a knotted cord; his ancient feet were only defended from the prickles and stones by the rudest sandals, and his bald and polished head was bare.

"Holy hermit," said the knight, in a grave voice, "make ready thy ministry, for there is some one about to die."

"Where, son?"

"Here, father."

"Is he here, now?"

"Perhaps," said the stout warrior, crossing himself, "but not so if right prevail." At this moment, he caught sight of a ferry-boat putting off from Nonnenwerth, with a knight on board. Ludwig knew at once by the sinople reversed, and the truncated gules on his surcoat, that it was Sir Gottfried of Godesberg.

"Be ready, father," said the good knight, pointing towards the advancing boat; and, waving his hand, by way of respect, to the reverend hermit, and without a further word, he vaulted into his saddle, and rode back for a few score of paces, where he wheeled round, and remained steady. His great lance and pennon rose in the air. His armour glistened in the sun; the chest and head of his battle-horse were similarly covered with steel. As Sir Gottfried, likewise armed and mounted (for his horse had been left at the ferry hard by), advanced up the road, he almost started at the figure before him—a glistening tower of steel.

"Are you the lord of this pass, Sir Knight?" said Sir Gottfried, haughtily, "or do you hold it against all comers, in honour of your lady-love?"

"I am not the lord of this pass. I do not hold it against all comers. I hold it but against one, and he is a liar and a traitor."

"As the matter concerns me not, I pray you let me pass," said Gottfried.

"The matter *does* concern thee, Gottfried of Godesberg. Liar, and traitor! art thou coward, too?"

"Holy Saint Buffo! 'tis a fight!" exclaimed the old hermit (who, too, had been a gallant warrior in his day); and like the old war-horse that hears the trumpet's sound, and spite of his clerical profession, he prepared to look on at the combat with no ordinary eagerness, and sat down on the overhanging ledge of the rock, lighting his pipe, and affecting unconcern, but in reality most deeply interested in the event which was about to ensue.

As soon as the word "coward" had been pronounced by Sir Ludwig, his opponent, uttering a curse far too horrible to be inscribed here, had wheeled back his powerful piebald, and brought his lance to the rest.

"Ha! Beauséant!" cried he. "Allah humdillah!" 'Twas the battle-cry in Palestine of the irresistible knights-hospitallers. "Look to thyself, Sir Knight, and for mercy from Heaven! *I* will give thee none."

"A Bugo for Katzenellenbogen!" exclaimed Sir Ludwig, piously; that, too, was the well-known war-cry of his princely race.

"I will give the signal," said the old hermit, waving

his pipe. "Knights, are you ready? One, two, three. *Los!*" (let go.)

At the signal, the two steeds tore up the ground like whirlwinds; the two knights, two flashing perpendicular masses of steel, rapidly converged; the two lances met upon the two shields of either, and shivered, splintered, shattered into ten hundred thousand pieces, which whirled through the air here and there, among the rocks, or in the trees, or in the river. The two horses fell back trembling on their haunches, where they remained for half a minute or so.

"Holy Buffo! a brave stroke!" said the old hermit. "Marry, but a splinter well nigh took off my nose!" The honest hermit waved his pipe in delight, not perceiving that one of the splinters had carried off the head of it, and rendered his favourite amusement impossible. "Ha! they are to it again! Oh, my! how they go to with their great swords! Well stricken, grey! Well parried, piebald! Ha, that was a slicer! Go it, piebald! go it, grey!—go it, grey! go it, pie * * *. Peccavi! peccavi!" said the old man, here suddenly closing his eyes, and falling down on his knees. "I forgot I was a man of peace;" and the next moment, muttering a hasty matin, he sprung down the ledge of rock, and was by the side of the combatants.

The battle was over. Good knight as Sir Gottfried was, his strength and skill had not been able to over-

come Sir Ludwig the Hombourger, with RIGHT on his side. He was bleeding at every point of his armour: he had been run through the body several times, and a cut in tierce, delivered with tremendous dexterity, had cloven the crown of his helmet of Damascus steel, and passing through the cerebellum and sensorium, had split his nose almost in twain.

His mouth foaming—his face almost green—his eyes full of blood—his brains spattered over his forehead, and several of his teeth knocked out.—the discomfited warrior presented a ghastly spectacle: as reeling under the effect of the last blow which the knight of Hombourg dealt, Sir Gottfried fell heavily from the saddle of his piebald charger; the frightened animal whisked his tail wildly with a shriek and a snort, plunged out his hind legs, trampling for one moment upon the feet of the prostrate Gottfried, thereby causing him to shriek with agony, and then galloped away riderless.

Away! aye, away!—away amid the green vineyards and golden cornfields; away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries; away down the clattering ravines, where the flashing cataracts tumble; away through the dark pine forests where the hungry wolves are howling; away over the dreary wolds, where the wild wind walks alone; away through the plashing quagmires, where the will-o'-the wisps shunk frightened among the reeds; away

through light and darkness, storm and sunshine; away by tower and town, highroad and hamlet. Once a turnpike-man would have detained him; but, ha, ha! he charged the 'pike, and cleared it at a bound. Once the Cologne Diligence stopped the way; he charged the Diligence, he knocked off the cap of the conductor on the roof, and yet galloped wildly, madly, furiously, irresistibly on! Brave horse! gallant steed! snorting child of Araby! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, applewomen; and never stopped until he reached a livery-stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONFESSION.

But we have forgotten, meanwhile, that prostrate individual. Having examined the wounds in his side, legs, head, and throat, the old hermit (a skilful leech) knelt down by the side of the vanquished one, and said, "Sir Knight, it is my painful duty to state to you that you are in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and will not probably survive."

'Say you so, Sir Priest? then 'tis time I make

my confession—hearken you, priest, and you, Sir Knight, whoever you be."

Sir Ludwig (who, much affected by the scene, had been tying his horse up to a tree) lifted his visor and said, "Gottfried of Godesberg! I am the friend of thy kinsman, Margrave Karl, whose happiness thou hast ruined; I am the friend of his chaste and virtuous lady, whose fair fame thou hast belied; I am the godfather of young Count Otto, whose heritage thou wouldst basely have appropriated—therefore I met thee in deadly fight, and overcame thee, and have well nigh finished thee. Speak on."

"I have done all this," said the dying man, "and here, in my last hour, repent me. The Lady Theodora is a spotless lady; the youthful Otto the true son of his father—Sir Hildebrandt is not his father, but his *uncle*."

"Gracious Buffo! Celestial Bugo!" here said the hermit and the knight of Hombourg simultaneously, clasping their hands.

"Yes, his uncle, but with the *bar-sinister* in his 'scutcheon. Hence he could never be acknowledged by the family; hence, too, the Lady Theodora's spotless purity (though the young people had been brought up together) could never be brought to own the relationship."

"May I repeat your confession?" asked the hermit.

"With the greatest pleasure in life—carry my confession to the Margrave, and pray him give me pardon. Were there—a notary-public present," slowly gasped the knight, the film of dissolution glazing over his eyes, "I would ask—you—two—gentlemen to witness it. I would gladly—sign the deposition, that is if I could wr-wr-wr-wr-ite!" A faint shuddering smile—a quiver, a gasp, a gurgle—the blood gushed from his mouth in black volumes * *

"He will never sin more," said the Hermit, solemnly.

"May Heaven assoilzie him!" said Sir Ludwig. "Hermit, he was a gallant knight. He died with harness on his back, and with truth on his lips; Ludwig of Hombourg would ask no other death."

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the principal servants at the Castle of Godesberg were rather surprised to see the noble Lord Louis trot into the court-yard of the castle, with a companion on the crupper of his saddle. 'Twas the venerable hermit of Rolandseck, who, for the sake of greater celerity, had adopted this undignified conveyance, and whose appearance and little dumpy legs might well create hilarity among the "pampered menials" who are always found lounging about the houses of the great. He skipped off the saddle with considerable lightness however; and Sir Ludwig, taking the reverend man by the arm, and

frowning the jeering servitors into awe, bade them lead him to the presence of his Highness the Margrave.

"What has chanced?" said the inquisitive servitor; "the riderless horse of Sir Gottfried was seen to gallop by the outer wall anon. The Margrave's Grace has never quitted your Lordship's chamber, and sits as one distraught."

"Hold thy prate, knave, and lead us on." And so saying, the knight and his Reverence moved into the well-known apartment, where, according to the servitor's description, the wretched Margrave sat like a stone.

Ludwig took one of the kind broken-hearted man's hands, the hermit seized the other, and began (but on account of his great age, with a prolixity which we shall not endeavour to imitate) to narrate the events which we have already described. Let the dear reader fancy, the while his Reverence speaks, the glazed eyes of the Margrave gradually lighting up with attention; the flush of joy which mantles in his countenance—the start—the throb—the almost delirious outburst of hysteric exultation with which, when the whole truth was made known, he clasped the two messengers of glad tidings to his breast, with an energy that almost choked the aged recluse! "Ride, ride this instant to the Margravine—say I have wronged her, that it is all right, that she may

come back—that I forgive her—that I apologise if you will"—and a secretary forthwith despatched a note to that effect, which was carried off by a fleet messenger.

"Now write to the Superior of the monastery at Cologne, and bid him send me back my boy, my darling, my Otto—my Otto of roses!" said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect? The secretary (smiling at the joke) wrote another letter, and another fleet messenger was despatched on another horse.

"And now," said Sir Ludwig, playfully, "let us to lunch. Holy Hermit, are you for a snack?"

The Hermit could not say nay on an occasion so festive, and the three gentles seated themselves to a plenteous repast, for which the remains of the feast of yesterday offered, it need not be said, ample means.

"They will be home by dinner-time," said the exulting father, "Ludwig! reverend hermit! We will carry on till then;" and the cup passed gaily round, and the laugh and jest circulated, while the three happy friends sat confidentially awaiting the return of the Margravine and her son.

But alas! said we not rightly at the commencement of a former chapter, that betwixt the lip and the raised wine-cup there is often many a spill? that

our hopes are high, and often, too often vain? About three hours after the departure of the first messenger, he returned, and with an exceedingly long face knelt down and presented to the Margrave a billet to the following effect:

"Convent of Nonnenwerth, *Friday Afternoon.*

"Sir: I have submitted too long to your ill-usage, and am disposed to bear it no more. I will no longer be made the butt of your ribald satire, and the object of your coarse abuse. Last week you threatened me with your cane! On Tuesday last you threw a wine-decanter at me, which hit the butler it is true, but the intention was evident. This morning, in the presence of all the servants, you called me by the most vile, abominable name, which, Heaven forbid I should repeat! You dismissed me from your house under a false accusation. You sent me to this odious convent to be immured for life. Be it so, I will not come back, because forsooth, you relent. Anything is better than a residence with a wicked, coarse, violent, intoxicated, brutal monster like yourself. I remain here for ever, and blush to be obliged to sign myself

"Theodora Von Godesberg."

"P.S. I hope you do not intend to keep all my best gowns, jewels, and wearing apparel: and make no doubt you dismissed me from your house in order

to make way for some vile hussy, whose eyes I would like to tear out.

"T. V. G."

CHAPTER VII.

THE singular document, illustrative of the passions of women at all times, and particularly of the manners of the early ages, struck dismay into the heart of the Margrave.

"Are her ladyship's insinuations correct?" asked the Hermit in a severe tone. "To correct a wife with a cane is a venial, I may say a justifiable practice; but to fling a bottle at her, is a ruin both to the liquor and to her."

"But she sent a carving-knife at me first," said the heart-broken husband. "Oh, jealousy, cursed jealousy, why, why did I ever listen to thy green and yellow tongue?"

"They quarrelled, but they loved each other sincerely," whispered Sir Ludwig to the Hermit, who began to deliver forthwith a lecture upon family discord and marital authority, which would have sent his two hearers to sleep, but for the arrival of the second messenger, whom the Margrave had despatched to Cologne for his son. This herald wore a still

longer face than that of his comrade who preceded him.

"Where is my darling?" roared the agonized parent. "Have ye brought him with ye?"

"N—no," said the man, hesitating.

"I will flog the knave soundly when he comes," cried the father, vainly endeavouring, under an appearance of sternness, to hide his inward emotion and tenderness.

"Please your highness," said the messenger, making a desperate effort, "Count Otto is not at the Convent."

"Know ye, knave, where he is?"

The swain solemnly said, "I do. He is *there*." He pointed as he spake to the broad Rhine that was seen from the casement, lighted up by the magnificent hues of sunset.

"*There!* How mean ye *there?*" gasped the Margrave, wrought to a pitch of nervous fury.

"Alas! my good lord, when he was in the boat which was to conduct him to the Convent, he—he jumped suddenly from it, and is dr—dr—owned."

"Carry that knave out and hang him!" said the Margrave, with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of rage. "Let every man of the boat's crew be blown from the mouth of the cannon on the tower—except the coxswain, and let him be * *"

What was to be done with the coxswain, no one

knows; for at that moment, and overcome by his emotion, the Margrave sunk down lifeless on the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHILDE OF GODESBERG.

It must be clear to the dullest intellect (if amongst our dear readers we dare venture to presume that a dull intellect should be found), that the cause of the Margrave's fainting fit, described in the last chapter, was a groundless apprehension, on the part of that too solicitous and credulous nobleman, regarding the fate of his beloved child. No, young Otto was *not* drowned. Was ever hero of romantic story done to death so early in the tale? Young Otto was *not* drowned. Had such been the case, the Lord Margrave would infallibly have died at the close of the last chapter; and a few gloomy sentences at its close would have denoted how the lovely Lady Theodora became insane in the Convent, and how Sir Ludwig determined, upon the demise of the old hermit (consequent upon the shock of hearing the news), to retire to the vacant hermitage, and assume the robe, the beard, the mortifications of the late venerable and solitary ecclesiastic. Otto was *not*

drowned, and all those personages of our history are consequently alive and well.

The boat containing the amazed young Count—for he knew not the cause of his father's anger, and hence rebelled against the unjust sentence which the Margrave had uttered—had not rowed many miles, when the gallant boy rallied from his temporary surprise and despondency, and, determined not to be a slave in any convent of any order, determined to make a desperate effort for escape. At a moment when the men were pulling hard against the tide, and Kuno, the coxswain, was looking carefully to steer the barge, between some dangerous rocks and quicksands, which are frequently met with in the majestic though dangerous river, Otto gave a sudden spring from the boat, and with one single flounce was in the boiling, frothing, swirling eddy of the stream.

Fancy the agony of the crew at the disappearance of their young lord! All loved him: all would have given their lives for him; but as they did not know how to swim, of course they declined to make any useless plunges in search of him, and stood on their oars in mute wonder and grief. *Once*, his fair head and golden ringlets were seen to arise from the water; *twice*, puffing and panting, it appeared for an instant again; *thrice*, it arose but for one single moment: it was the last chance, and it sunk, sunk, sunk. Knowing the reception they would meet with from

their liege lord, the men naturally did not go home to Godesberg, but putting in at the first creek on the opposite bank, fled into the Duke of Nassau's territory, where, as they have little to do with our tale, we will leave them.

But they little knew how expert a swimmer was young Otto. He had disappeared it is true; but why? because he *had dived*. He calculated that his conductors would consider him drowned, and the desire of liberty lending him wings, or we had rather say *fins*, in this instance, the gallant boy swam on beneath the water, never lifting his head for a single moment between Godesberg and Cologne—the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles.

Escaping from observation, he landed on the *Deutz* side of the river, repaired to a comfortable and quiet hostel there, saying he had had an accident from a boat, and thus accounting for the moisture of his habiliments, and while these were drying before a fire in his chamber went snugly to bed, where he mused, not without amaze of the strange events of the day. "This morning," thought he, "a noble and heir to a princely estate—this evening an outcast, with but a few bank-notes which my mamma luckily gave me on my birth-day. What a strange entry into life is this for a young man of my family! Well, I have courage and resolution; my first attempt in life has been a gallant and successful one; other dangers will be

conquered by similar bravery." And recommending himself, his unhappy mother, and his mistaken father to the care of their patron saint, Saint Buffo, the gallant-hearted boy fell presently into such a sleep, as only the young, the healthy, the innocent, and the extremely fatigued can enjoy.

The fatigues of the day (and very few men but would be fatigued after swimming well nigh thirty miles under water) caused young Otto to sleep so profoundly, that he did not remark how, after Friday's sunset, as a natural consequence, Saturday's Phœbus illumined the world, ay, and sunk at his appointed hour. The serving-maidens of the hostel peeping in, marked him sleeping, and blessing him for a pretty youth, tripped lightly from the chamber; the boots tried haply twice or thrice to call him (as boots will fain), but the lovely boy, giving another snore, turned on his side, and was quite unconscious of the interruption. In a word, the youth slept for six-and-thirty hours at an elongation; and the Sunday sun was shining, and the bells of the hundred churches of Cologne were clinking and tolling in pious festivity, and the burghers and burgheresses of the town were trooping to vespers and morning service, when Otto woke.

As he donned his clothes of the richest Genoa velvet, the astonished boy could not at first account for his difficulty in putting them on. "Marry," said he.

"these breeches that my blessed mother (tears filled his fine eyes as he thought of her), that my blessed mother had made long on purpose, are now ten inches too short for me! Whir-r-r! my coat cracks i' the back, as in vain I try to buckle it round me; and the sleeves reach no farther than my elbows! What is this mystery? Am I grown fat and tall in a single night? Ah! ha! ha! ha! I have it."

The young and good-humored Childe laughed merrily. He bethought him of the reason of his mistake: his garments had shrunk from being five-and-twenty miles under water.

But one remedy presented itself to his mind; and that we need not say was to purchase new ones. Inquiring the way to the most genteel ready-made-clothes' establishment in the city of Cologne, and finding it was kept in the Minoriten Strasse, by an ancestor of the celebrated Moses of London, the noble Childe hied him towards the emporium, but you may be sure did not neglect to perform his religious duties by the way. Entering the cathedral, he made straight for the shrine of Saint Buffo, and hiding himself behind a pillar there (fearing lest he might be recognised by the Archbishop, or any of his father's numerous friends in Cologne), he proceeded with his devotions, as was the practice of the young nobles of the age.

But though exceedingly intent upon the service,

yet his eye could not refrain from wandering a *little* round about him, and he remarked with surprise that the whole church was filled with archers; and he remembered, too, that he had seen in the streets numerous other bands of men similarly attired in green. On asking at the cathedral porch the cause of this assemblage, one of the green ones said (in a jape), "Marry, youngster, *you* must be *green*, not to know that we are all bound to the castle of His Grace Duke Adolf of Cleves, who gives an archery meeting once a year, and prizes for which we toxophilites muster strong"

Otto, whose course hitherto had been undetermined now immediately settled what to do. He straightway repaired to the ready-made emporium of Herr Moses, and bidding that gentleman furnish him with an archer's complete dress, Moses speedily selected a suit from his vast stock, which fitted the youth to a *t*, and we need not say was sold at an exceedingly low price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous, a noble, a soul-inspiring boy to gaze on. A coat and breeches of the most brilliant pea-green, ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, and fitting him with exquisite tightness, showed off a figure unrivalled for slim symmetry. His feet were covered with peaked buskins of buff leather, and a belt round his slender waist of the same material, held his knife, his tobacco-pipe

and pouch, and his long shining dirk, which, though the adventurous youth had as yet only employed it to fashion wicket-bails, or to cut bread-and-cheese, he was now quite ready to use against the enemy. His personal attractions were enhanced by a neat white hat, flung carelessly and fearlessly on one side of his open smiling countenance, and his lovely hair, curling in ten thousand yellow ringlets, fell over his shoulders like golden epaulettes, and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat. I warrant me, many a lovely Cölnerinn looked after the handsome Childe with anxiety, and dreamed that night of Cupid under the guise of "a bonny boy in green."

So accoutred, the youth's next thought was, that he must supply himself with a bow. This he speedily purchased at the most fashionable bowyer's, and of the best material and make. It was of ivory, trimmed with pink ribbon, and the cord of silk. An elegant quiver, beautifully painted and embroidered, was slung across his back, with a dozen of the finest arrows, tipped with steel of Damascus, formed of the branches of the famous Upas-tree of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan. These purchases being completed (together with that of a knapsack, dressing-case, change, &c.), our young adventurer asked where was the hostel at which the archers were wont to assemble? and being informed that it was at the sign of the Golden Stag, hied him to

that house of entertainment, where, by calling for quantities of liquor and beer, he speedily made the acquaintance and acquired the good will of a company of his future comrades, who happened to be sitting in he coffee-room.

After they had eaten and drunken for all, Otto said, addressing them, "When go ye forth, gentles? I am a stranger here, bound as you to the archery meeting of Duke Adolf, an ye will admit a youth into your company 'twill gladden me upon my lonely way?"

The archers replied, "You seem so young and jolly, and you spend your gold so very like a gentleman, that we'll receive you in our band with pleasure. Be ready, for we start at half-past two!" At that hour accordingly the whole joyous company prepared to move, and Otto not a little increased his popularity among them by stepping out and having a conference with the landlord, which caused the latter to come into the room where the archers were assembled previous to departure, and to say, "Gentlemen, the bill is settled!"—words never ungrateful to an archer yet; no, marry, nor to a man of any other calling that I wot of.

They marched joyously for several leagues, singing and joking, and telling of a thousand feats of love and chase and war. While thus engaged, some one remarked to Otto that he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having no feathers in his hat.

"I daresay I will find a feather," said the lad, smiling.

Then another gibed because his bow was new.

"See that you can use your old one as well, Master Wolfgang," said the undisturbed youth. His answers, his bearing, his generosity, his beauty, and his wit, inspired all his new toxophilite friends with interest and curiosity, and they longed to see whether his skill with the bow corresponded with their secret sympathies for him.

An occasion for manifesting this skill did not fail to present itself soon—as indeed it seldom does to such a hero of romance as young Otto was. Fate seems to watch over such; events occur to them just in the nick of time; they rescue virgins just as ogres are on the point of devouring them; they manage to be present at court and interesting ceremonies, and to see the most interesting people at the most interesting moment; directly an adventure is necessary for them, that adventure occurs, and I, for my part, have often wondered with delight (and never could penetrate the mystery of the subject) at the way in which that humblest of romance heroes, Signor Clown, when he wants anything in the Pantomime, straightway finds it to his hand. How is it that,—suppose he wishes to dress himself up like a woman for instance, that minute a coal-heaver walks in with a shovel hat that answers for a bonnet; at

the very next instant a butcher's lad passing with a string of sausages and a bundle of bladders unconsciously helps Master Clown to a necklace and a *tournure*, and so on through the whole toilet? Depend upon it there is something we do not wot of in that mysterious overcoming of circumstances by great individuals, that apt and wondrous conjuncture of *the Hour and the Man;* and so, for my part, when I heard the above remark of one of the archers, that Otto had never a feather in his bonnet, I felt sure that a heron would spring up in the next sentence to supply him with an *aigrette*.

And such indeed was the fact; rising out of a morass by which the archers were passing, a gallant heron, arching his neck, swelling his crest, placing his legs behind him, and his beak and red eyes against the wind, rose slowly, and offered the fairest mark in the world.

"Shoot, Otto," said one of the archers. "You would not shoot just now at a crow because it was a foul bird, nor at a hawk because it was a noble bird; bring us down yon heron. It flies slowly."

But Otto was busy that moment tying his shoestring, and Rudolf, the third best of the archers, shot at the bird and missed it.

"Shoot, Otto," said Wolfgang, a youth who had taken a liking to the young archer, "the bird is getting further and further."

But Otto was busy that moment whittling a willow twig he had just cut. Max, the second best archer, shot and missed.

"Then," said Wolfgang, "I must try myself; a plague on you, young Springald, you have lost a noble chance!"

Wolfgang prepared himself with all his care, and shot at the bird. "It is out of distance," said he, "and a murrain on the bird!"

Otto, who by this time had done whittling his willow stick (having carved a capital caricature of Wolfgang upon it), flung the twig down, and said carelessly, "Out of distance! Pshaw! We have two minutes yet," and fell to asking riddles and cutting jokes, to the which none of the archers listened, as they were all engaged, their noses in air, watching the retreating bird.

"Where shall I hit him?" said Otto.

"Go to," said Rudolf, "thou canst see no limb of him; he is no bigger than a flea."

"Here goes for his right eye!" said Otto; and stepping forward in the English manner (which his godfather having learnt in Palestine, had taught him), he brought his bow-string to his ear, took a good aim, allowing for the wind, and calculating the parabola to a nicety, whizz! his arrow went off.

He took up the willow twig again, and began

carving a head of Rudolf at the other end, chatting and laughing, and singing a ballad the while.

The archers, after standing a long time looking skywards, with their noses in the air, at last brought them down from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and said, "Pooh, this lad is a humbug! The arrow's lost; let's go!"

"*Heads!*" cried Otto, laughing. A speck was seen rapidly descending from the heavens; it grew to be as big as a crown-piece, then as a partridge, then as a tea-kettle, and flop! down fell a magnificent heron to the ground, flooring poor Max in its fall.

"Take the arrow out of his eye. Wolfgang," said Otto, without looking at the bird, "wipe it, and put it back into my quiver." The arrow indeed was there, having penetrated right through the pupil.

"Are you in league with Der Freischütz?" said Rudolf, quite amazed.

Otto laughingly whistled the "Huntsman's Chorus," and said, "No, my friend. It was a lucky shot, only a lucky shot. I was taught shooting, look you, in the fashion of merry England, where the archers are archers indeed."

And so he cut off the heron's wing for a plume for his hat; and the archers walked on, much amazed,

and saying, "What a wonderful country that merry England must be!"

Far from feeling any envy at their comrade's success, the jolly archers recognised his superiority with pleasure; and Wolfgang and Rudolf especially held out their hands to the younker, and besought the honour of his friendship. They continued their walk all day, and when night fell made choice of a good hostel you may be sure, where, over beer, punch, Champagne, and every luxury, they drank to the health of the Duke of Cleves, and indeed each other's healths all round. Next day they resumed their march, and continued it without interruption, except to take in a supply of victuals here and there (and it was found on these occasions that Otto, young as he was, could eat four times as much as the oldest archer present, and drink to correspond), and these continued refreshments having given them more than ordinary strength, they determined on making rather a long march of it, and did not halt till after nightfall at the gates of the little town of Windeck.

What was to be done? the town-gates were shut. "Is there no hostel, no castle where we can sleep?" asked Otto of the sentinel at the gate. "I am so hungry that, in lack of better food, I think I could eat my grandmamma."

The sentinel laughed at this hyperbolical expression of hunger, and said, "You had best go sleep at

the Castle of Windeck yonder:" and adding, with a peculiarly knowing look, "Nobody will disturb you there."

At that moment the moon broke out from a cloud, and showed on a hill hard by a castle indeed —but the skeleton of a castle. The roof was gone, the windows were dismantled, the towers were tumbling, and the cold moonlight pierced it through and through. One end of the building was, however, still covered in, and stood looking still more frowning, vast, and gloomy, even, than the other part of the edifice.

"There is a lodging, certainly," said Otto to the sentinel, who pointed towards the castle with his bartizan; "but tell me, good fellow, what are we to do for a supper?"

"O the castellan of Windeck will entertain you," said the man-at-arms with a grin, and marched up the embrasure, the while the archers, taking counsel among themselves, debated whether or not they should take up their quarters in the gloomy and deserted edifice.

"We shall get nothing but an owl for supper there," said young Otto. "Marry, lads, let us storm the town; we are thirty gallant fellows, and I have heard the garrison is not more than three hundred." But the rest of the party thought such a way of getting supper was not a very cheap one, and, grovelling

knaves, preferred rather to sleep ignobly and without victuals, than dare the assault with Otto and die, or conquer something comfortable.

One and all then made their way towards the castle. They entered its vast and silent halls, frightening the owls and bats that fled before them with hideous hootings and flappings of wings, and passing by a multiplicity of mouldy stairs, dank reeking roofs, and rickety corridors, at last came to an apartment which, dismal and dismantled as it was, appeared to be in rather better condition than the neighbouring chambers, and they therefore selected it as their place of rest for the night. They then tossed up which should mount guard. The first two hours of watch fell to Otto, who was to be succeeded by his young though humble friend Wolfgang; and, accordingly, the Childe of Godesberg, drawing his dirk, began to pace upon his weary round; while his comrades, by various gradations of snoring, told how profoundly they slept, spite of their lack of supper.

'Tis needless to say what were the thoughts of the noble Childe as he performed his two hours' watch; what gushing memories poured into his full soul; what "sweet and bitter" recollections of home inspired his throbbing heart; and what manly aspirations after fame buoyed him up. "Youth is ever confident," says the bard. Happy, happy season! The moon-lit hours passed by on silver wings, the

twinkling stars looked friendly down upon him. Confiding in their youthful sentinel, sound slept the valorous toxophilites, as up and down, and there and back again, marched on the noble Childe. At length his repeater told him, much to his satisfaction, that it was half-past eleven, the hour when his watch was to cease, and so giving a playful kick to the slumbering Wolfgang, that good-humoured fellow sprung up from his lair, and, drawing his sword, proceeded to relieve Otto.

The latter laid him down for warmth's sake in the very spot which his comrade had left, and for some time could not sleep. Realities and visions then began to mingle in his mind, till he scarce knew which was which. He dozed for a minute; then he woke with a start; then he went off again; then woke up again. In one of these half-sleeping moments he thought he saw a figure, as of a woman in white sliding into the room, and beckoning Wolfgang from it. He looked again. Wolfgang was gone. At that moment twelve o'clock clanged from the town, and Otto started up.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY OF WINDECK.

As the bell with iron tongue called midnight, Wolfgang the Archer, pacing on his watch, beheld before him a pale female figure. He did not know whence she came: but there suddenly she stood close to him. Her blue, clear, glassy eyes were fixed upon him. Her form was of faultless beauty; her face pale as the marble of the fairy statue, ere yet the sculptor's love had given it life. A smile played upon her features, but it was no warmer than the reflection of a moonbeam on a lake; and yet it was wondrous beautiful. A fascination stole over the senses of young Wolfgang. He stared at the lovely apparition with fixed eyes and distended jaws. She looked at him with ineffable archness. She lifted one beautifully rounded alabaster arm, and made a sign as to beckon him towards her. Did Wolfgang—the young and lusty Wolfgang—follow? Ask the iron whether it follows the magnet?—ask the pointer whether it pursues the partridge through the stubble?—ask the youth whether the lollypop-shop does not attract him? Wolfgang *did* follow. An antique door opened as if by magic. There was no light; and yet they saw quite plain; they passed through the innumerable

ancient chambers, and yet they did not wake any of the owls and bats roosting there. We know not through how many apartments the young couple passed; but at last they came to one where a feast was prepared; and on an antique table, covered with massive silver, covers were laid for two. The lady took her place at one end of the table, and with her sweetest nod beckoned Wolfgang to the other seat. He took it. The table was small, and their knees met. He felt as cold in his legs as if he were kneeling against an ice-well.

"Gallant archer," said she, "you must be hungry after your day's march. What supper will you have? Shall it be a delicate lobster-salad? or a dish of elegant tripe and onions? or a slice of boar's-head and truffles? or a Welsh rabbit, *à la cave au cidre?* or a beefsteak and shallot? or a couple of *rognons à la brochette?* Speak, brave bowyer: you have but to order."

As there was nothing on the table but a covered silver dish, Wolfgang thought the lady who proposed such a multiplicity of delicacies to him was only laughing at him; so he determined to try her with something extremely rare.

"Fair princess," he said, "I should like very much a pork-chop and some mashed potatoes."

She lifted the cover: there was such a pork-chop as Simpson never served, with a dish of mashed pota-

toes that would have formed at least six-portions in our degenerate days in Rupert-street.

When he had helped himself to these delicacies, the lady put the cover on the dish again, and watched him eating with interest. He was for some time too much occupied with his own food to remark that his companion did not eat a morsel; but big as it was, his chop was soon gone; the shining silver of his plate was scraped quite clean with his knife, and, heaving a great sigh, he confessed a humble desire for something to drink.

"Call for what you like, sweet Sir," said the lady, lifting up a silver fillagree bottle, with an India-rubber cork, ornamented with gold.

"Then," said Master Wolfgang—for the fellow's tastes were, in sooth, very humble—"I call for half-and-half." According to his wish, a pint of that delicious beverage was poured from the bottle, foaming, into his beaker.

Having emptied this at a draught, and declared that on his conscience it was the best tap he ever knew in his life, the young man felt his appetite renewed; and it is impossible to say how many different dishes he called for. Only enchantment, he was afterwards heard to declare (though none of his friends believed him) could have given him the appetite he possessed on that extraordinary night. He called for another pork-chop and potatoes, then for

pickled salmon; then he thought he would try a devilled turkey-wing. "I adore the devil," said he.

"So do I," said the pale lady, with unwonted animation, and the dish was served straightway. It was succeeded by black puddings, tripe, toasted cheese, and—what was most remarkable—every one of the dishes which he desired came from under the same silver cover—which circumstance, when he had partaken of about fourteen different articles, he began to find rather mysterious.

"Oh," said the pale lady, with a smile, "the mystery is easily accounted for: the servants hear you, and the kitchen is *below*." But this did not account for the manner in which more half-and-half, bitter ale, punch (both gin and rum), and even oil and vinegar, which he took with cucumber to his salmon, came out of the self-same bottle from which the lady had first poured out his pint of half-and-half.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Voracio," said his arch entertainer, when he put this question to her, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy;" and, sooth to say, the archer was by this time in such a state, that he did not find anything wonderful more.

"Are you happy, dear youth?" said the lady, as, after his collation, he sank back in his chair.

"Oh, Miss, aint I!" was his interrogative and yet affirmative reply.

"Should you like such a supper every night, Wolfgang?" continued the pale one.

"Why, no;" said he—"no, not exactly; not *every* night: *some* nights I should like oysters."

"Dear youth," said she, "be but mine, and you may have them all the year round!" The unhappy boy was too far gone to suspect anything, otherwise this extraordinary speech would have told him that he was in suspicious company. A person who can offer oysters all the year round can live to no good purpose.

"Shall I sing you a song, dear archer?" said the lady. "Sweet love!" said he, now much excited, "strike up, and I will join the chorus."

She took down her mandolin, and commenced a ditty. 'Twas a sweet and wild one. It told how a lady of high lineage, cast her eyes on a peasant page; it told how nought could her love assuage, her suitor's wealth and her father's rage: it told how the youth did his foes engage; and at length they went off in the Gretna stage, the high-born dame and the peasant page. Wolfgang beat time, waggled his head, sung wofully out of tune as the song proceeded; and if he had not been too intoxicated with love and other excitement, he would have remarked how the pictures on the wall, as the lady sung, began to waggle their heads too, and nod and grin to the music. The song

ended, I am the lady of high lineage: Archer, will you be the peasant page?

"I'll follow you to the devil!" said Wolfgang.

"Come," replied the lady, glaring wildly on him —"come to the chapel; we'll be married this minute!"

She held out her hand—Wolfgang took it. It was cold, damp—deadly cold: and on they went to the chapel.

As they passed out, the two pictures over the wall, of a gentleman and lady, tripped out of their frames, skipped noiselessly down to the ground and making the retreating couple a profound curtsey and bow, took the places which they had left at the table.

Meanwhile the young couple passed on towards the chapel, threading innumerable passages, and passing through chambers of great extent. As they came along, all the portraits on the wall stepped out of their frames to follow them. One ancestor, of whom there was only a bust, frowned in the greatest rage, because, having no legs, his pedestal would not move; and several sticking-plaster profiles of the former lords of Windeck looked quite black at being, for similar reasons, compelled to keep their places. However, there was a goodly procession formed behind Wolfgang and his bride; and by the time they had reached the church, they had nearly a hundred followers.

The church was splendidly illuminated; the old banners of the old knights glittered as they do at Drury Lane. The organ set up of itself to play the Bridesmaid's Chorus. The choir-chairs were filled with people in black.

"Come, love," said the pale lady.

"I don't see the parson," exclaimed Wolfgang, spite of himself rather alarmed.

"Oh, the parson! that's the easiest thing in the world! I say, Bishop!" said the lady, stooping down.

Stooping down—and to what? Why, upon my word and honour, to a great brass plate on the floor, over which they were passing, and on which was engraven the figure of a bishop—and a very ugly bishop too—with crosier and mitre, and lifted finger, on which sparkled the episcopal ring. "Do, my dear lord, come and marry us," said the lady, with a levity which shocked the feelings of her bridegroom.

The Bishop got up; and directly he rose, a dean who was sleeping under a large slate near him, came bowing and cringing up to him; while a canon of the cathedral (whose name was Schidnischmidt) began grinning and making fun at the pair. The ceremony was begun, and * * * * * * * *

As the clock struck twelve, young Otto bounded

up and remarked the absence of his companion Wolfgang. The idea he had had, that his friend disappeared in company with a white robed female, struck him more and more. "I will follow them," said he; and, calling to the next on the watch (old Snooz, who was right unwilling to forego his sleep), he rushed away by the door through which he had seen Wolfgang and his temptress take their way.

That he did not find them was not his fault. The castle was vast, the chamber dark. There were a thousand doors, and what wonder that, after he had once lost sight of them, the intrepid Childe should not be able to follow in their steps? As might be expected, he took the wrong door, and wandered for at least three hours about the dark enormous solitary castle, calling out Wolfgang's name to the careless and indifferent echoes, knocking his young shins against the ruins scattered in the darkness, but still with a spirit entirely undaunted, a firm resolution to aid his absent comrade. Brave Otto! thy exertions were rewarded at last!

For he lighted at length upon the very apartment where Wolfgang had partaken of supper, and where the old couple who had been in the picture-frames, and turned out to be the lady's father and mother, were now sitting at the table.

"Well, Bertha has got a husband at last," said the lady.

"After waiting four hundred and fifty-three years for one, it was quite time," said the gentleman. (He was dressed in powder and a pigtail, quite in the old fashion.)

"The husband is no great things," continued the lady, taking snuff: "A low fellow, my dear: a butcher's son, I believe. Did you see how the wretch ate at supper? To think my daughter should have to marry an archer!"

"There are archers and archers," said the old man. "Some archers are snobs, as your ladyship states; some, on the contrary, are gentlemen by birth, at least, though not by breeding. Witness young Otto, the Landgrave of Godesberg's son, who is listening at the door like a lackey, and whom I intend to run through the—"

"Law, Baron!" said the lady.

"I will, though," replied the Baron, drawing an immense sword, and glaring round at Otto: but though at the sight of that sword and that scowl a less valorous youth would have taken to his heels, the undaunted Childe advanced at once into the apartment. He wore round his neck a relic of St. Buffo (the tip of the saint's ear, which had been cut off at Constantinople). "Fiends! I command you to retreat!" said he, holding up this sacred charm, which his mamma had fastened on him; and at the sight of it, with an unearthly yell, the ghost of the Baron and the Ba-

roness sprung back into their picture-frames, as Clown goes through a clock in a pantomime.

He rushed through the open door by which the unlucky Wolfgang had passed with his demoniacal bride, and went on and on through the vast gloomy chambers lighted by the ghastly moonshine: the noise of the organ in the chapel, the lights in the kaleidoscopic windows, directed him towards that edifice. He rushed to the door: 'twas barred! He knocked: the beadles were deaf. He applied his inestimable relic to the lock, and—whizz! crash! clang! bang! whang! —the gate flew open! the organ went off in a fugue —the lights quivered over the tapers, and then went off towards the ceiling—the ghosts assembled rushed away with a skurry and a scream—the bride howled, and vanished—the fat bishop waddled back under his brass plate—the dean flounced down into his family vault—and the canon Schidnischmidt, who was making a joke, as usual, on the bishop, was obliged to stop at the very point of his epigram, and to disappear into the void whence he came.

Otto fell fainting at the porch, while Wolfgang tumbled lifeless down at the altar-steps; and in this situation the archers, when they arrived, found the two youths. They were resuscitated, as we scarce need say; but when, in incoherent accents, they came to tell their wondrous tale, some sceptics among the archers said—"Pooh! they were intoxicated!" while

others, nodding their older heads, exclaimed—"*They have seen the Lady of Windeck!*" and recalled the stories of many other young men, who, inveigled by her devilish arts, had not been so lucky as Wolfgang, and had disappeared—for ever!

This adventure bound Wolfgang heart and soul to his gallant preserver; and the archers—it being now morning, and the cocks crowing lustily round about—pursued their way without further delay to the castle of the noble patron of Toxophilites, the gallant Duke of Cleves.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOWMEN.

Although there lay an immense number of castles and abbeys between Windeck and Cleves, for every one of which the guide-books have a legend and a ghost, who might, with the commonest stretch of ingenuity, be made to waylay our adventurers on the road; yet, as the journey would be thus almost interminable, let us cut it short by saying that the travellers reached Cleves without any further accident, and found the place thronged with visitors for the meeting next day.

And here it would be easy to describe the company

which arrived, and make display of antiquarian lore. Now we would represent a cavalcade of knights arriving, with their pages carrying their shining helms of gold, and the stout esquires, bearers of lance and banner. Anon would arrive a fat abbot on his ambling pad, surrounded by the white-robed companions of his convent. Here should come the gleemen and jongleurs, the minstrels, the mountebanks, the party-coloured gipsies, the dark-eyed nut-brown Zigeunerinnen; then a troop of peasants, chanting Rhine-songs, and leading in their ox-drawn carts the peach-cheeked girls from the vine-lands. Next we would depict the litters blazoned with armorial bearings, from between the broidered curtains of which peeped out the swan-like necks and the haughty faces of the blonde ladies of the castles. But for these descriptions we have not space; and the reader is referred to the account of the tournament in the ingenious novel of Ivanhoe, where the above phenomena are described at length. Suffice it to say, that Otto and his companions arrived at the town of Cleves, and, hastening to a hostel, reposed themselves after the day's march, and prepared them for the encounter of the morrow.

That morrow came; and as the sports were to begin early, Otto and his comrades hastened to the field, armed with their best bows and arrows, you may be sure, and eager to distinguish themselves, as were the multitude of other archers assembled. They

were from all neighbouring countries—crowds of English, as you may fancy, armed with Murray's guide-books, troops of chattering Frenchmen, Jews with roulette-tables, Frankfort and Tyrolese, with gloves and trinkets—all hied towards the field where the butts were set up, and the archery practice was to be held. The Childe and his brother archers were, it need not be said, early on the ground.

But what words of mine can describe the young gentleman's emotion when, preceded by a band of trumpets, bagpipes, ophicleides, and other wind instruments, the Prince of Cleves appeared with the Princess Helen, his daughter? And, ah! what expressions of my humble pen can do justice to the beauty of that young lady? Fancy every charm which decorates the person, every virtue which ornaments the mind, every accomplishment which renders charming mind and charming person doubly charming, and then you will have but a faint and feeble idea of the beauties of her highness the Princess Helen. Fancy a complexion such as they say (I know not with what justice) Rowland's Kalydor imparts to the users of that cosmetic; fancy teeth, to which orient pearls are like Wallsend coals; eyes, which were so blue, tender, and bright, that while they run you through with their lustre, they healed you with their kindness; a neck and waist, so ravishingly slender and graceful, that the least that is said about them

the better; a foot which fell upon the flowers no heavier than a dewdrop—and this charming person, set off by the most elegant toilet that ever milliner devised! The lovely Helen's hair (which was as black as the finest varnish for boots) was so long, that it was borne on a cushion several yards behind her by the maidens of her train; and a hat, set off with moss-roses, sun-flowers, bugles, birds of paradise, gold lace, and pink ribbon, gave her a *distingué* air, which would have set the editor of the *Morning Post* mad with love.

It had exactly the same effect upon the noble Childe of Godesberg, as leaning on his ivory bow, with his legs crossed, he stood and gazed on her, as Cupid gazed on Psyche. Their eyes met: it was all over with both of them. A blush came at one and the same minute budding to the cheek of either. A simultaneous throb beat in those young hearts! They loved each other for ever from that instant. Otto still stood, cross-legged, enraptured, leaning on his ivory bow; but Helen, calling to a maiden for her pocket-handkerchief, blew her beautiful Grecian nose in order to hide her agitation. Bless ye, bless ye, pretty ones! I am old now; but not so old but that I kindle at the tale of love. Theresa Mac Whirter too has lived and loved. Heigho!

Who is that chief that stands behind the truck whereon are seated the Princess and the stout old

lord, her father? Who is he whose hair is of the carroty hue? whose eyes, across the snubby bunch of a nose, are perpetually scowling at each other; who has a hump-back, and a hideous mouth, surrounded with bristles, and crammed full of jutting yellow odious teeth. Although he wears a sky-blue doublet laced with silver, it only serves to render his vulgar punchy figure doubly ridiculous; although his nether garment is of salmon-coloured velvet, it only draws the more attention to his legs, which are disgustingly crooked and bandy. A rose-coloured hat, with towering pea-green ostrich plumes, looks absurd on his bull head; and though it is a time of peace, the wretch is armed with a multiplicity of daggers, knives, yataghans, dirks, sabres, and scimitars, which testify his truculent and bloody disposition. 'Tis the terrible Rowsky de Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein. Report says he is a suitor for the hand of the lovely Helen. He addresses various speeches of gallantry to her, and grins hideously as he thrusts his disgusting head over her lily shoulder. But she turns away from him! turns and shudders—aye, as she would at a black dose!

Otto stands gazing still, and leaning on his bow. "What is the prize?" asks one archer of another. There are two prizes—a velvet cap, embroidered by the hand of the Princess, and a chain of massive gold, of enormous value; both lie on cushions before her.

"I know which I shall choose, when I win the first prize," says a swarthy, savage, and bandy-legged archer, who bears the owl gules on a black shield, the cognisance of the Lord Rowsky de Donnerblitz.

"Which, fellow?" says Otto, turning fiercely pon him.

"The chain, to be sure!" says the leering archer. "You do not suppose I am such a flat as to choose that velvet gimcrack there?" Otto laughed in scorn, and began to prepare his bow. The trumpets sounding, proclaimed that the sports were about to commence.

Is it necessary to describe them? No: that has already been done in the novel of Ivanhoe, before mentioned. Fancy the archers clad in Lincoln green, all coming forward in turn, and firing at the targets. Some hit, some missed; those that missed were fain to retire amidst the jeers of the multitudinous spectators. Those that hit began new trials of skill; but it was easy to see, from the first, that the battle lay between Squintoff (the Rowsky archer) and the young hero, with the golden hair and the ivory bow. Squintoff's fame as a marksman was known throughout Europe; but who was his young competitor? Ah! there was *one* heart in the assembly that beat most anxiously to know. 'Twas Helen's.

The crowning trial arrived. The bull's-eye of the target, set up at three quarters of a mile distance

from the archers, was so small, that it required a very clever man indeed to see, much more to hit it; and as Squintoff was selecting his arrow for the final trial, the Rowsky flung a purse of gold towards his archer, saying—"Squintoff, an ye win the prize, the purse is thine." "I may as well pocket it at once, your honour," said the bowman, with a sneer at Otto. "This young chick, who has been lucky as yet, will hardly hit such a mark as that;" and, taking his aim, Squintoff discharged his arrow right into the very middle of the bull's eye.

"Can you mend that, young springald?" said he, as a shout rent the air at his success, as Helen turned pale to think that the champion of her secret heart was likely to be overcome, and as Squintoff, pocketing the Rowsky's money, turned to the noble boy of Godesberg.

"Has anybody got a pea?" asked the lad. Everybody laughed at his droll request; and an old woman, who was selling porridge in the crowd, handed him the vegetable which he demanded. It was a dry and yellow pea. Otto, stepping up to the target, caused Squintoff to extract his arrow from the bull's-eye, and placed in the orifice made by the steel point of the shaft, the pea which he had received from the old woman. He then came back to his place. As he prepared to shoot, Helen was so overcome by emotion, that 'twas thought she would have fainted.

Never, never had she seen a being so beautiful as the young hero now before her!

He looked almost divine. He flung back his long clusters of hair from his bright eyes and tall forehead; the blush of health mantled on his cheek, from which the barber's weapon had never shorn the down. He took his bow, and one of his most elegant arrows, and, poising himself lightly on his right leg, he flung himself forward, raising his left leg on a level with his ear. He looked like Apollo, as he stood balancing himself there. He discharged his dart from the thrumming bowstring; it clove the blue air—whizz!

"*He has split the pea!*" said the Princess, and fainted. The Rowsky, with one eye, hurled an indignant look at the boy, while with the other he levelled (if aught so crooked can be said to level anything) a furious glance at his archer.

The archer swore a sulky oath. "He is the better man!" said he. "I suppose, young chap, you take the gold chain?"

"The gold chain?" said Otto. "Prefer a gold chain to a cap worked by your august hand? Never!" and, advancing to the balcony where the Princess, who now came to herself, was sitting, he kneeled down before her, and received the velvet cap, which, blushing as scarlet as the cap itself, the Princess Helen placed on his golden ringlets. Once more their eyes met—their hearts thrilled. They had

never spoken, but they knew they loved each other for ever.

"Wilt thou take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz?" said that individual to the youth. "Thou shalt be captain of my archers in place of yon blundering nincompoop, whom thou hast overcome."

"Yon blundering nincompoop is a skilful and gallant archer," replied Otto, haughtily; "and I will *not* take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz."

"Wilt thou enter the household of the Prince of Cleves?" said the father of Helen, laughing, and not a little amused at the haughtiness of the humble archer.

"I would die for the Duke of Cleves and *his family*," said Otto, bowing low. He laid a particular and a tender emphasis on the word family. Helen knew what he meant. *She* was the family. In fact, her mother was no more, and her papa had no other offspring.

"What is thy name, good fellow?" said the Prince, that my steward may enrol thee.

"Sir," said Otto, again blushing, "I am Otto the Archer."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARTYR OF LOVE.

The archers who had travelled in company with young Otto, gave a handsome dinner in compliment to the success of our hero, at which his friend distinguished himself as usual in the eating and drinking department. Squintoff, the Rowsky bowman, declined to attend, so great was the envy of the brute at the youthful hero's superiority. As for Otto himself, he sat on the right hand of the chairman, but it was remarked that he could not eat. Gentle reader of my page! thou knowest why full well. He was too much in love to have any appetite; for though I myself, when labouring under that passion, never found my consumption of victuals diminish; yet remember our Otto was a hero of romance, and they *never* are hungry when they're in love.

The next day, the young gentleman proceeded to enrol himself in the corps of Archers of the Prince of Cleves, and with him came his attached squire, who vowed he never would leave him. As Otto threw aside his own elegant dress, and donned the livery of the House of Cleves, the noble Childe sighed not a little—'twas a splendid uniform, 'tis true, but still it *was* a livery, and one of his proud

spirit ill bears another's cognizances. "They are the colours of the Prince's, however," said he, consoling himself; "and what suffering would I not undergo for *her?*" As for Wolfgang, the squire, it may well be supposed that the good-natured, low-born fellow, had no such scruples; but he was glad enough to exchange for the pink hose, the yellow jacket, the pea-green cloak, and orange-tawny hat, with which the Duke's steward supplied him, the homely patched doublet of green which he had worn for years past.

"Look at yon two archers," said the Prince of Cleves to his guest the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, as they were strolling on the battlements after dinner, smoking their cigars as usual. His Highness pointed to our two young friends, who were mounting guard for the first time. "See yon two bowmen—mark their bearing! One is the youth who beat thy Squintoff, and t'other, an I mistake not, won the third prize at the butts. Both wear the same uniform—the colours of my house—yet, would'st not swear that the one was but a churl, and the other a noble gentleman?"

"Which looks like the nobleman?" said the Rowsky, as black as thunder.

"*Which?* why young Otto, to be sure," said the Princess Helena, eagerly. The young lady was following the pair, but under pretence of disliking the

odour of the cigar, she had refused the Rowsky's proffered arm, and was loitering behind with her parasol.

Her interposition in favour of her young protégé only made the black and jealous Rowsky more ill-humoured. "How long is it, Sir Prince of Cleves," said he, "that the churls who wear your livery permit themselves to wear the ornaments of noble knights? What but a noble dare wear ringlets such as yon springald's? Ho, archer!" roared he, "come hither, fellow." And Otto stood before him. As he came, and presenting arms stood respectfully before the Prince and his savage guest, he looked for one moment at the lovely Helena—their eyes met, their hearts beat simultaneously: and, quick, two little blushes appeared in the cheek of either. I have seen one ship at sea answering another's signal so.

While they are so regarding each other, let us just remind our readers of the great estimation in which the hair was held in the North. Only nobles were permitted to wear it long. When a man disgraced himself, a shaving was sure to follow. Penalties were inflicted upon villains or vassals, who sported ringlets. See the works of Aurelius Tonsor; Hirsutus de Nobilitate Capillari; Rolandus de Oleo Macassari; Schnurrbart Frisirische Alterthumskunde, &c.

"We must have those ringlets of thine cut, good fellow," said the Duke of Cleves good-naturedly, but wishing to spare the feelings of his gallant recruit. "'Tis against the regulation cut of my archer guard."

"Cut off my hair!" cried Otto, agonised.

"Ay, and thine ears with it, yokel," roared Donnerblitz.

"Peace, noble Eulenschreckenstein!" said the Duke with dignity; "let the Duke of Cleves deal as he will with his own men-at-arms—and you, young Sir, unloose the grip of thy dagger."

Otto, indeed, had convulsively grasped his snickersnee, with intent to plunge it into the heart of the Rowsky, but his politer feelings overcame him. "The Count need not fear, my Lord," said he—"a lady is present." And he took off his orange-tawny cap, and bowed low. Ah! what a pang shot through the heart of Helena, as she thought that those lovely ringlets must be shorn from that beautiful head!

Otto's mind was, too, in commotion. His feelings as a gentleman—let us add, his pride as a man—for who is not, let us ask, proud of a good head of hair?—waged war within his soul. He expostulated with the Prince. "It was never in his contemplation," he said, "on taking service, to undergo the operation of hair-cutting."

"Thou art free to go or stay, Sir Archer," said the Prince pettishly. "I will have no churls imitating noblemen in my service; I will bandy no conditions with archers of my guard."

"My resolve is taken," said Otto, irritated too in his turn. "I will . . ."

"What!" cried Helena, breathless with intense agitation.

"I will *stay*," answered Otto. The poor girl almost fainted with joy. The Rowsky frowned with demoniac fury, and grinding his teeth and cursing in the horrible German jargon, stalked away. "So be it," said the Prince of Cleves, taking his daughter's arm—"and here comes Snipwitz, my barber, who shall do the business for you." With this the Prince too moved on, feeling in his heart not a little compassion for the lad; for Adolf of Cleves had been handsome in his youth, and distinguished for the ornament of which he was now depriving his archer.

Snipwitz led the poor lad into a side-room, and there—in a word—operated upon him. The golden curls—fair curls that his mother had so often played with!—fell under the shears and round the lad's knees, until he looked as if he was sitting in a bath of sunbeams.

When the frightful act had been performed, Otto, who entered the little chamber in the tower, ringlet-

ed like Apollo, issued from it as cropped as a charity-boy.

See how melancholy he looks, now that the operation is over!—And no wonder. He was thinking what would be Helena's opinion of him, now that one of his chief personal ornaments was gone. "Will she know me?" thought he, "will she love me after this hideous mutilation?"

Yielding to these gloomy thoughts, and, indeed, rather unwilling to be seen by his comrades, now that he was so disfigured, the young gentleman had hidden himself behind one of the buttresses of the wall, a prey to natural despondency, when he saw something which instantly restored him to good spirits. He saw the lovely Helena coming towards the chamber where the odious barber had performed upon him,—coming forward timidly, looking round her anxiously, blushing with delightful agitation,—and presently seeing, as she thought, the coast clear, she entered the apartment. She stooped down, and, ah! what was Otto's joy when he saw her pick up a beautiful golden lock of his hair, press it to her lips, and then hide it in her bosom! No carnation ever blushed so redly as Helena did when she came out after performing this feat. Then she hurried straightway to her own apartments in the castle, and Otto, whose first impulse was to come out from his hiding-place, and, falling at her feet, call Heaven and Earth

to witness to his passion, with difficulty restrained his feelings, and let her pass; but the love-stricken young hero was so delighted with this evident proof of reciprocated attachment, that all regret at losing his ringlets at once left him, and he vowed he would sacrifice not only his hair, but his head, if need were, to do her service.

That very afternoon, no small bustle and conversation took place in the castle, on account of the sudden departure of the Rowsky of Eulenschreckenstein, with all his train and equipage. He went away in the greatest wrath, it was said, after a long and loud conversation with the Prince. As that potentate conducted his guest to the gate, walking rather demurely and shamefacedly by his side, as he gathered his attendants in the court, and there mounted his charger, the Rowsky ordered his trumpets to sound, and scornfully flung a largesse of gold among the servitors and men-at-arms of the house of Cleves, who were marshalled in the court. "Farewell, Sir Prince," said he to his host; "I quit you now suddenly; but remember, it is not my last visit to the Castle of Cleves;" and, ordering his band to play "See the Conquering Hero comes," he clattered away through the drawbridge. The Princess Helena was not present at his departure; and the venerable Prince of Cleves looked rather moody and chapfallen when his guest left him. He visited all the

castle defences pretty accurately that night, and inquired of his officers the state of the ammunition, provision, &c. He said nothing; but the Princess Helena's maid did: and everybody knew that the Rowsky had made his proposals, had been rejected, and, getting up in a violent fury, had called for his people, and sworn by his great gods that he would not enter the castle again until he rode over the breach, lance in hand, the conqueror of Cleves and all belonging to it.

No little consternation was spread through the garrison at the news. For everybody knew the Rowsky to be one of the most intrepid and powerful soldiers in all Germany,—one of the most skilful generals. Generous to extravagance to his own followers, he was ruthless to the enemy; and a hundred stories were told of the dreadful barbarities exercised by him in several towns and castles which he had captured and sacked. And poor Helena had the pain of thinking, that in consequence of her refusal she was dooming all the men, women, and children of the principality to indiscriminate and horrible slaughter.

The dreadful surmises regarding a war received in a few days dreadful confirmation. It was noon, and the worthy Prince of Cleves was taking his dinner (though the honest warrior had little appetite for that meal for some time past), when trumpets were

heard at the gate; and presently the herald of the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, clad in a tabard on which the arms of the Count were blazoned, entered the dining-hall. A page bore a steel gauntlet on a cushion; Bleu Sanglier had his hat on his head. The Prince of Cleves put on his own as the herald came up to the chair of state where the Sovereign sat.

"Silence for Bleu Sanglier," cried the Prince, gravely. "Say your say, Sir Herald."

"In the name of the high and mighty Rowsky, Prince of Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein, Count of Krötenwald, Schnauzestadt, and Galgenhügel, hereditary Grand Bootjack of the Holy Roman Empire—to you, Adolf the Twenty-third, Prince of Cleves, I, Bleu Sanglier, bring war and defiance. Alone, and lance to lance, or twenty to twenty in field or in fort, on plain or on mountain, the noble Rowsky defies you. Here, or wherever he shall meet you, he proclaims war to the death between you and him. In token whereof, here is his glove." And taking the steel glove from the page, Bleu Boar flung it clanging on the marble floor.

The Princess Helena turned deadly pale: but the Prince with a good assurance flung down his own glove, calling upon some one to raise the Rowsky's; which Otto accordingly took up and presented to him, on his knee.

"Boteler, fill my goblet," said the Prince to that

functionary, who, clothed in tight black hose with a white kerchief, and a napkin on his dexter arm, stood obsequiously by his master's chair. The goblet was filled with Malvoisie; it held about three quarts; a precious golden hanap carved by the cunning artificer, Benvenuto the Florentine.

"Drink, Bleu Sanglier," said the Prince, "and put the goblet in thy bosom. Wear this chain, furthermore, for my sake." And so saying, Prince Adolf flung a precious chain of emeralds round the herald's neck. "An invitation to battle was ever a welcome call to Adolf of Cleves." So saying, and bidding his people take good care of Bleu Sanglier's retinue, the Prince left the hall with his daughter. All were marvelling at his dignity, courage, and generosity.

But, though affecting unconcern, the mind of Prince Adolf was far from tranquil. He was no longer the stalwart knight who, in the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, had, with his naked fist, beaten a lion to death in three minutes; and alone had kept the postern of Peterwaradin for two hours against seven hundred Turkish janissaries, who were assailing it. Those deeds which had made the heir of Cleves famous were done thirty years sync. A free liver since he had come into his principality, and of a lazy turn, he had neglected the athletic exercises which had made him in youth so famous a champion,

and indolence had borne its usual fruits. He tried his old battle-sword—that famous blade with which, in Palestine, he had cut an elephant-driver in two pieces, and split asunder the skull of the elephant which he rode. Adolf of Cleves could scarcely now lift the weapon over his head. He tried his armour. It was too tight for him. And the old soldier burst into tears, when he found he could not buckle it. Such a man was not fit to encounter the terrible Rowsky in single combat.

Nor could he hope to make head against him for any time in the field. The Prince's territories were small. His vassals proverbially lazy and peaceable. His treasury empty. The dismallest prospects were before him: and he passed a sleepless night writing to his friends for succour, and calculating with his secretary the small amount of the resources which he could bring to aid him against his advancing and powerful enemy.

Helena's pillow that evening was also unvisited by slumber. She lay awake thinking of Otto—thinking of the danger and the ruin her refusal to marry had brought upon her dear Papa. Otto, too, slept not: but *his* waking thoughts were brilliant and heroic; the noble Childe thought how he should defend the Princess, and win *los* and honour in the ensuing combat!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAMPION.

And now the noble Cleves began in good earnest to prepare his castle for the threatened siege. He gathered in all the available cattle round the property, and the pigs round many miles; and a dreadful slaughter of horned and snouted animals took place, —the whole castle resounding with the lowing of the oxen and the squeaks of the gruntlings, destined to provide food for the garrison. These, when slain, (her gentle spirit, of course, would not allow of her witnessing that disagreeable operation,) the lovely Helena, with the assistance of her maidens, carefully salted and pickled. Corn was brought in in great quantities, the Prince paying for the same when he had money, giving bills when he could get credit, or occasionally, marry, sending out a few stout men-at-arms to forage, who brought in wheat without money or credit either. The charming Princess, amidst the intervals of her labours, went about encouraging the garrison, who vowed to a man they would die for a single sweet smile of hers; and in order to make their inevitable sufferings as easy as possible to the gallant fellows, she and the apothecaries got ready a

plenty of efficacious simples, and scraped a vast quantity of lint to bind their warriors' wounds withal. All the fortifications were strengthened; the fosses carefully filled with spikes and water; large stones placed over the gates, convenient to tumble on the heads of the assaulting parties; and cauldrons prepared, with furnaces to melt up pitch, brimstone, boiling oil, &c., wherewith hospitably to receive them. Having the keenest eye in the whole garrison, young Otto was placed on the topmost tower, to watch for the expected coming of the beleaguering host.

They were seen only too soon. Long ranks of shining spears were seen glittering in the distance, and the army of the Rowsky soon made its appearance in battle's magnificently stern array. The tents of the renowned Chief and his numerous warriors were pitched out of arrow-shot of the castle, but in fearful proximity; and when his army had taken up its position, an officer with a flag of truce and a trumpet was seen advancing to the castle-gate. It was the same herald who had previously borne "his master's" defiance to the Prince of Cleves. He came once more to the castle-gate, and there proclaimed that the noble Count of Eulenschreckenstein was in arms without, ready to do battle with the Prince of Cleves, or his champion; that he would remain in arms for three days, ready for combat. If no man met him, at the end of that period he

would deliver an assault, and would give quarter to no single soul in the garrison. So saying, the herald nailed his lord's gauntlet on the castle-gate. As before, the Prince flung him over another glove from the wall; though how he was to defend himself from such a warrior, or get a champion, or resist the pitiless assault that must follow, the troubled old nobleman knew not in the least.

The Princess Helen passed the night in the Chapel, vowing tons of wax-candles to all the patron saints of the House of Cleves, if they would raise her up a defender.

But how did the noble girl's heart sink—how were her notions of the purity of man shaken within her gentle bosom, by the dread intelligence which reached her the next morning after the defiance of the Rowsky. At roll-call it was discovered that he on whom she principally relied—he whom her fond heart had singled out as her champion, had proved faithless! Otto, the degenerate Otto, had fled! His comrade, Wolfgang, had gone with him.—A rope was found dangling from the casement of their chamber, and they must have swum the moat and passed over to the enemy in the darkness of the previous night. "A pretty lad was this fair spoken archer of thine!" said the Prince her father to her; "and a pretty kettle of fish hast thou cooked for the fondest

of fathers." She retired weeping to her apartment. Never before had that young heart felt so wretched.

That morning, at nine o'clock, as they were going to breakfast, the Rowsky's trumpets sounded. Clad in complete armour, and mounted on his enormous piebald charger, he came out of his pavilion, and rode slowly up and down in front of the Castle. He was ready there to meet a champion.

Three times each day did the odious trumpet sound the same notes of defiance. Thrice daily did the steel-clad Rowsky come forth challenging the combat. The first day passed, and there was no answer to his summons. The second day came and went, but no champion had risen to defend. The taunt of his shrill clarion remained without answer; and the sun went down upon the wretchedest father and daughter in all the land of Christendom.

The trumpets sounded an hour after sunrise, an hour after noon, and an hour before sunset. The third day came, but with it brought no hope. The first and second summons met no response. At five o'clock the old Prince called his daughter and blessed her. "I go to meet this Rowsky," said he. "It may be, we shall meet no more, my Helen—my child—the innocent cause of all this grief. If I shall fall to night the Rowsky's victim, 'twill be that life is nothing without honour." And so saying, he put into her hands a dagger, and bade her sheathe it in her

own breast so soon as the terrible champion had carried the Castle by storm.

This Helen most faithfully promised to do; and her aged father retired to his armoury, and donned his ancient war-worn corslet. It had borne the shock of a thousand lances ere this, but it was now so tight as almost to choke the knightly wearer.

The last trumpet sounded—tantara! tantara!—its shrill call rang over the wide plains, and the wide plains gave back no answer. Again!—but when its notes died away, there was only a mournful, an awful silence. "Farewell, my child," said the Prince, bulkily lifting himself into his battle-saddle. "Remember the dagger. Hark! the trumpet sounds for the third time. Open, warders! Sound, trumpeters! And good Saint Benedict, guard the right."

But Puffendorf, the trumpeter, had not leisure to lift the trumpet to his lips; when, hark! from without there came another note of another clarion!—a distant note at first, then swelling fuller. Presently in brilliant variations, the full rich notes of the "Huntsman's Chorus" came clearly over the breeze; and a thousand voices of the crowd gazing over the gate, exclaimed—"A champion! a champion!"

And, indeed, a champion *had* come. Issuing from the forest came a knight and squire: the knight gracefully cantering an elegant cream-coloured Arabian of prodigious power—the squire mounted on an

unpretending grey cob, which nevertheless was an animal of considerable strength and sinew. It was the squire who blew the trumpet through the bars of his helmet; the knight's visor was completely down. A small prince's coronet of gold, from which rose three pink ostrich feathers, marked the warrior's rank; his blank shield bore no cognizance. As gracefully poising his lance he rode into the green space where the Rowsky's tents were pitched, the hearts of all present beat with anxiety, and the poor Prince of Cleves, especially, had considerable doubts about his new champion. "So slim a figure as that can never compete with Donnerblitz," said he moodily, to his daughter; "but whoever he be, the fellow puts a good face on it, and rides like a man. See, he has touched the Rowsky's shield with the point of his lance! By Saint Bendigo, a perilous venture!"

The unknown knight had indeed defied the Rowsky to the death, as the Prince of Cleves remarked from the battlement where he and his daughter stood to witness the combat; and so, having defied his enemy, the Incognito galloped round under the Castle wall, bowing elegantly to the lovely Princess there, and then took his ground and waited for the foe. His armour blazed in the sunshine as he sat there, motionless on his cream-coloured steed. He looked like one of those fairy knights one has read of—one

of those celestial champions who decided so many victories before the invention of gunpowder.

The Rowsky's horse was speedily brought to the door of his pavilion; and that redoubted warrior, blazing in a suit of magnificent brass armour, clattered into his saddle. Long waves of blood-red feathers bristled over his helmet, which was farther ornamented by two huge horns of the Aurochs. His lance was painted white and red, and he whirled the prodigious beam in the air and caught it with savage glee. He laughed when he saw the slim form of his antagonist; and his soul rejoiced to meet the coming battle. He dug his spurs into the enormous horse he rode. The enormous horse snorted, and squealed, too, with fierce pleasure. He jerked and curvetted him with a brutal playfulness, and after a few minutes' turning and wheeling, during which everybody had the leisure to admire the perfection of his equitation, he cantered round to a point exactly opposite his enemy, and pulled up his eager charger.

The old Prince on the battlement was so eager for the combat, that he seemed quite to forget the danger which menaced himself, should his slim champion be discomfited by the tremendous knight of Donnerblitz. "Go it!" said he, flinging his truncheon into the ditch; and at the word, the two warriors rushed with whirring rapidity at each other.

And now ensued a combat so terrible, that a weak fe-

male hand, like that of her who pens this tale of chivalry, can never hope to do justice to the terrific theme. You have seen two engines on the Great Western Line rush past each other with a pealing scream? So rapidly did the two warriors gallop towards one another, the feathers of either streamed yards behind their backs as they converged. Their shock as they met was that of two cannon-balls; the mighty horses trembled and reeled with the concussion; the lance aimed at the Rowsky's helmet bore off the coronet, the horns, the helmet itself, and hurled them to an incredible distance: a piece of the Rowsky's left ear was carried off on the point of the nameless warrior's weapon. How had he fared? His adversary's weapon had glanced harmless along the blank surface of his polished buckler; and the victory so far was with him.

The expression of the Rowsky's face, as, bareheaded, he glared on his enemy with fierce bloodshot eyeballs, was one worthy of a demon. The imprecatory expressions which he made use of can never be copied by a feminine pen.

His opponent magnanimously declined to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him of finishing the combat, by splitting his opponent's skull with his curtal-axe, and, riding back to his starting-place, bent his lance's point to the ground, in token

that he would wait until the Count of Eulenschreckenstein was helmeted afresh.

"Blessed Bendigo!" cried the Prince, "thou art a gallant lance; but why didst not rap the schelm's brain out?"

"Bring me a fresh helmet!" yelled the Rowsky. Another casque was brought to him by his trembling squire.

As soon as he had braced it, he drew his great flashing sword from his side, and rushed at his enemy, roaring hoarsely his cry of battle. The unknown knight's sword was unsheathed in a moment, and at the next the two blades were clanking together the dreadful music of the combat!

The Donnerblitz wielded his with his usual savageness and activity. It whirled round his adversary's head with frightful rapidity. Now it carried away a feather of his plume; now it shore off a leaf of his coronet. The flail of the thrasher does not fall more swiftly upon the corn. For many minutes it was the Unknown's only task to defend himself from the tremendous activity of the enemy.

But even the Rowsky's strength would slacken after exertion. The blows began to fall less thick anon, and the point of the unknown knight began to make dreadful play. It found and penetrated every joint of the Donnerblitz's armour. Now it nicked him in the shoulder, where the vambrace was buckled

to the corslet; now it bored a shrewd hole under the light brassart, and blood followed; now, with fatal dexterity, it darted through the vizor, and came back to the recover deeply tinged with blood. A scream of rage followed the last thrust; and no wonder;—it had penetrated the Rowsky's left eye.

His blood was trickling through a dozen orifices; he was almost choking in his helmet with loss of breath, and loss of blood, and rage. Gasping with fury, he drew back his horse, flung his great sword at his opponent's head, and once more plunged at him, wielding his curtal-axe.

Then you should have seen the unknown knight employing the same dreadful weapon! Hitherto he had been on his defence: now he began the attack; and the gleaming axe whirred in his hand like a reed, but descended like a thunderbolt! "Yield! yield! Sir Rowsky," shouted he, in a calm, clear voice.

A blow dealt madly at his head was the reply. 'Twas the last blow that the Count of Eulenschreckenstein ever struck in battle! The curse was on his lips as the crashing steel descended into his brain, and split it in two. He rolled like a log from his horse; and his enemy's knee was in a moment on his chest, and the dagger of mercy at his throat, as the knight once more called upon him to yield.

But there was no answer from within the helmet. When it was withdrawn, the teeth were crunched to-

gether; the mouth that should have spoken, grinned a ghastly silence: one eye still glared with hate and fury, but it was glazed with the film of death!

The red orb of the sun was just then dipping into the Rhine. The unknown knight, vaulting once more nto his saddle, made a graceful obeisance to the Prince of Cleves and his daughter, without a word, and galloped back into the forest, whence he had issued an hour before sunset.

CHAPTER XIII.

The consternation which ensued on the death of the Rowsky, speedily sent all his camp-followers, army, &c., to the right-about. They struck their tents at the first news of his discomfiture; and each man laying hold of what he could, the whole of the gallant force which had marched under his banner in the morning had disappeared ere the sun rose.

On that night, as it may be imagined, the gates of the Castle of Cleves were not shut. Everybody was free to come in. Wine-butts were broached in all the courts; the pickled meat prepared in such lots for the siege was distributed among the people, who crowded to congratulate their beloved Sovereign on his victory; and the Prince, as was customary with

that good man, who never lost an opportunity of giving a dinner-party, had a splendid entertainment made ready for the upper classes, the whole concluding with a tasteful display of fireworks.

In the midst of these entertainments, our old friend the Count of Hombourg arrived at the Castle. The stalwart old warrior swore by Saint Bugo that he was grieved the killing of the Rowsky had been taken out of his hand. The laughing Cleves vowed by Saint Bendigo, Hombourg could never have finished off his enemy so satisfactorily as the unknown knight had just done.

But who was he? was the question which now agitated the bosom of these two old nobles. How to find him—how to reward the champion and restorer of the honour and happiness of Cleves? They agreed over supper that he should be sought for everywhere. Beadles were sent round the principal cities within fifty miles, and the description of the knight advertised in the *Journal de Francfort* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The hand of the Princess Helena was solemnly offered to him in these advertisements, with the reversion of the Prince of Cleves's splendid though somewhat dilapidated property.

"But we don't know him, my dear papa," faintly ejaculated that young lady. "Some impostor may come in a suit of plain armour, and pretend that he was the champion who overcame the Rowsky (a Prince

who had his faults certainly, but whose attachment for me I can never forget; and how are you to say whether he is the real knight or not? There are so many deceivers in this world," added the Princess in tears, "that one can't be too cautious now." The fact is, that she was thinking of the desertion of Otto in the morning, by which instance of faithlessness her heart was well-nigh broken.

As for that youth and his comrade Wolfgang, to the astonishment of everybody at their impudence, they came to the archers' mess that night, as if nothing had happened: got their supper, partaking both of meat and drink most plentifully; fell asleep when their comrades began to describe the events of the day, and the admirable achievements of the unknown warrior; and, turning into their hammocks, did not appear on parade in the morning until twenty minutes after the names were called.

When the Prince of Cleves heard of the return of these deserters he was in a towering passion. "Where were you, fellows," shouted he, "during the time my Castle was at its utmost need?"

Otto replied, "We were out on particular business."

"Does a soldier leave his post on the day of battle, Sir?" exclaimed the Prince. "You know the reward of such—Death! and death you merit. But you are a soldier only of yesterday, and yesterday's victory

has made me merciful. Hanged you shall not be, as you merit—only flogged, both of you. Parade the men, Colonel Tickelstern, after breakfast, and give these scoundrels five hundred a piece."

You should have seen how young Otto bounded, when the information was thus abruptly conveyed to him. "Flog *me*," cried he. "Flog Otto, of—."

"Not so, my father," said the Princess Helena, who had been standing by during the conversation, and who had looked at Otto all the while with the most ineffable scorn. "Not so, although these *persons* have forgotten their duty," (she laid a particularly sarcastic emphasis on the word persons.) "we have had no need of their service, and have luckily found *others* more faithful. You promised your daughter a boon, papa; it is the pardon of these two *persons*. Let them go, and quit a service they have disgraced; a mistress—that is, a master—they have deceived."

"Drum 'em out of the Castle, Tickelstern; strip their uniforms from their backs, and never let me hear of the scoundrels again." So saying, the old Prince angrily turned on his heel to breakfast, leaving the two young men to the fun and derision of their surrounding comrades.

The noble Count of Hombourg, who was taking his usual airing on the ramparts before breakfast, came up at this juncture, and asked what was the row? Otto blushed when he saw him, and turned away ra-

pidly; but the Count, too, catching a glimpse of him, with a hundred exclamations of joyful surprise seized upon the lad, hugged him to his manly breast, kissed him most affectionately, and almost burst into tears as he embraced him. For, in sooth, the good Count had thought his godson long ere this at the bottom of the silver Rhine.

The Prince of Cleves, who had come to the breakfast parlour window (to invite his guest to enter, as the tea was made), beheld this strange scene from the window, as did the lovely tea-maker likewise, with breathless and beautiful agitation. The old Count and the archer strolled up and down the battlements in deep conversation. By the gestures of surprise and delight exhibited by the former, 'twas easy to see the young archer was conveying some very strange and pleasing news to him, though the nature of the conversation was not allowed to transpire.

"A godson of mine," said the noble Count, when interrogated over his muffins. "I know his family; worthy people; sad scapegrace; run away; parents longing for him; glad you did not flog him; devil to pay, and so forth." The Count was a man of few words, and told his tale in this brief, artless manner. But why, at its conclusion, did the gentle Helena leave the room, her eyes filled with tears? She left the room once more to kiss a certain lock of yellow

hair she had pilfered. A dazzling, delicious thought, a strange wild hope, arose in her soul!

When she appeared again, she made some side-handed inquiries regarding Otto (with that gentle artifice oft employed by women); but he was gone. He and his companion were gone. The Count of Hombourg had likewise taken his departure, under pretext of particular business. How lonely the vast castle seemed to Helena, now that *he* was no longer there. The transactions of the last few days; the beautiful archer-boy; the offer from the Rowsky (always an event in a young lady's life); the siege of the castle; the death of her truculent admirer; all seemed like a fevered dream to her; all was passed away, and had left no trace behind. No trace? yes! one; a little insignificant lock of golden hair over which the young creature wept so much that she put it out of curl: passing hours and hours in the summer-house, where the operation had been performed.

On the second day (it is my belief she would have gone into a consumption and died of languor, if the event had been delayed a day longer) a messenger, with a trumpet, brought a letter in haste to the Prince of Cleves, who was, as usual, taking refreshment. "To the High and Mighty Prince," &c., the letter ran. "The Champion who had the honour of engaging on Wednesday last with his late Excellency

the Rowsky of Donnerblitz presents his compliments to H.S.H. the Prince of Cleves. Through the medium of the public prints the C. has been made acquainted with the flattering proposal of His Serene Highness relative to a union between himself (the Champion) and Her Serene Highness the Princess Helena of Cleves. The Champion accepts with pleasure that polite invitation, and will have the honour of waiting upon the Prince and Princess of Cleves about half an hour after the receipt of this letter."

"Tol lol de rol, girl," shouted the Prince with heartfelt joy. (Have you not remarked, dear friend, how often in novel books, and on the stage, joy is announced by the above burst of insensate monosyllables?) "Tol lol de rol. Don thy best kirtle, child; thy husband will be here anon." And Helena retired to arrange her toilet for this awful event in the life of a young woman. When she returned, attired to welcome her defender, her young cheek was as pale as the white satin slip and orange sprigs she wore.

She was scarce seated on the dais by her father's side, when a huge flourish of trumpets from without proclaimed the arrival of *the Champion*. Helena felt quite sick; a draught of ether was necessary to restore her tranquillity.

The great door was flung open. He entered,—

the same tall warrior, slim, and beautiful, blazing in shining steel. He approached the Prince's throne, supported on each side by a friend likewise in armour. He knelt gracefully on one knee.

"I come," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "to claim, as per advertisement, the hand of the lovely Lady Helena;" and he held out a copy of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as he spoke.

"Art thou noble, Sir Knight?" asked the Prince of Cleves.

"As noble as yourself," answered the kneeling steel.

"Who answers for thee?"

"I, Carl, Margrave of Godesberg, his father!" said the knight on the right hand, lifting up his visor.

"And I—Ludwig, Count of Hombourg, his godfather!" said the knight on the left doing likewise.

The kneeling knight lifted up his visor now, and looked on Helena.

"*I knew it was*," said she, and fainted as she saw Otto, the archer.

But she was soon brought to, gentles, as I have small need to tell ye. In a very few days after, a great marriage took place at Cleves, under the patronage of Saint Bugo, Saint Buffo, and Saint Bendigo. After the marriage ceremony, the happiest and handsomest pair in the world drove off in a chaise-

and-four, to pass the honey-moon at Kissingen. The Lady Theodora, whom we left locked up in her convent a long while since, was prevailed to come back to Godesberg, where she was reconciled to her husband. Jealous of her daughter-in-law, she idolized her son, and spoiled all her little grandchildren. And so all are happy, and my simple tale is done.

I read it in an old—old book, in a mouldy old circulating library. 'Twas written in the French tongue, by the noble Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Pailleterie; but 'tis probable that he stole it from some other, and that the other had filched it from a former tale-teller. For nothing is new under the sun. Things die and are reproduced only. And so it is that the forgotten tale of the great Dumas reappears under the signature of

WHISTLEBINKIE, N. B., *December* 1.

THERESA MAC WHIRTER.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

CHAPTER I.

THE OVERTURE.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BUSINESS.

WELL-BELOVED novel readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to every one of you, that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine by consequence some seven or eight years younger; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from Saint George's, Hanover Square? You, dear young ladies, who get your knowledge of life from the circulating library, may be led to imagine that when the marriage business is

done, and Emilia is whisked off in the new travelling carriage, by the side of the enraptured Earl: or Belinda, breaking away from the tearful embraces of her excellent mother, dries her own lovely eyes upon the throbbing waistcoat of her bridegroom—you may be apt, I say, to suppose that all is over then, that Emilia and the Earl are going to be happy for the rest of their lives in his Lordship's romantic castle in the north, and Belinda and her young clergyman to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in their rose-trellised parsonage in the west of England: but some there be among the novel reading classes—old experienced folks—who know better than this. Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after as before the nuptial ceremony.

Therefore I say, it is an unfair advantage, which the novelist takes of hero and heroine, as of his inexperienced reader, to say good-bye to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and have often wished that additions should be made to all works of fiction, which have been brought to abrupt terminations in the manner described; and that we should hear what occurs to the sober married man, as well as to the ardent bachelor; to the

matron, as well as to the blushing spinster. And in this respect I admire (and would desire to imitate) the noble and prolific French author, Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie, who carries his heroes from early youth down to the most venerable old age; and does not let them rest, until they are so old, that it is full time the poor fellows should get a little peace and quiet. A hero is much too valuable a gentleman to be put upon the retired list, in the prime and vigour of his youth; and I wish to know, what lady among us would like to be put on the shelf, and thought no longer interesting, because she has a family growing up, and is four or five and thirty years of age? I have known ladies at sixty, with hearts as tender, and ideas as romantic, as any young misses' of sixteen. Let us have middle-aged novels then, as well as your extremely juvenile legends: let the young ones be warned, that the old folks have a right to be interesting: and that a lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a school girl, and a man his feelings, although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thus I would desire that the biographies of many of our most illustrious personages of romance should be continued by fitting hands, and that they should be heard of, until at least a decent age.—Look at Mr. James's heroes; they invariably marry

young. Look at Mr. Dickens's, they disappear from the scene when they are mere chits. I trust these authors, who are still alive, will see the propriety of telling us something more about people, in whom we took a considerable interest, and who must be at present, strong and hearty, in the full vigour of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter, (may honour be to his name,) I am sure there are a number of people who are untimely carried away from us; and of whom we ought to hear more.

My dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, has always, in my mind, been one of these: nor can I ever believe that such a woman, so admirable, so tender, so heroic, so beautiful, could disappear altogether before such another woman as Rowena, that vapid, flaxen-headed creature, who is, in my humble opinion, unworthy of Ivanhoe, and unworthy of her place as heroine. Had both of them got their rights, it ever seemed to me that Rebecca would have had the husband, and Rowena would have gone off to a convent and shut herself up, where I, for one, would never have taken the trouble of inquiring for her.

But after all she married Ivanhoe. What is to be done? There is no help for it. There it is in black and white at the end of the third volume of Sir Walter Scott's chronicle, that the couple were joined together in matrimony. And must the Disin-

herited Knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena? Forbid it fate, forbid it poetical justice! There is a simple plan for setting matters right, and giving all parties their due, which is here submitted to the novel-reader. Ivanhoe's history *must* have had a continuation; and it is this, which ensues. I may be wrong in some particulars of the narrative,—as what writer will not be?—but of the main incidents of the history, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt, and confidently submit them to that generous public which likes to see virtue righted, true love rewarded, and the brilliant Fairy descend out of the blazing chariot at the end of the pantomime, and make Harlequin and Columbine happy. What, if reality be not so, gentlemen and ladies; and if, after dancing a variety of jigs and antics, and jumping in and out of endless trap-doors and windows through life's shifting scenes, no fairy comes down to make *us* comfortable at the close of the performance? Ah! let us give our honest novel-folks the benefit of their position, and not be envious of their good luck.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history, as the famous chronicler of Abbotsford has recorded them, can doubt for a moment what

was the result of the marriage between Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and the Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing. must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings. Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose

hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a pun to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale joke, that nobody dared laugh at the inuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the goose-boy (a halfwitted, poor wretch) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper time, (it was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going *to throw a little light upon the subject*,") the Lady Rowena, being disturbed in theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonised as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor) called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the court-yard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of

Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Yes, from Front-de-Bœuf's castle, *where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!*" said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there, acquainted with the sex, that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at *her* board, and the boldest in the battle-field are craven when facing her distaff?

"*Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower*," was a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significancy. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart. one would have thought that the heart of the royal

lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

But did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome and more loveworthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say, with mighty magnanimity, to the Jewish maiden, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfred the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon; and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfred (as the Saxon lady chose to term it), nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-

herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt. Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfred, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends, the Jews, can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Hadn't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours*," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the queen held a drawing-room; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course because she took any interest in such things, but because she considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

Thus Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when

he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance, looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caique upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound; but, enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of ricketty huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.

Perhaps a man with Ivanhoe's high principles would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consterna-

tion of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait, and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye, were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle), vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

So Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe became almost as tired of England as his royal master, Richard, was, (who always quitted the country when he had squeezed from his loyal nobles, commons, clergy, and Jews, all the money which he could get); and when the lion-hearted Prince began to make war against the French king, in Normandy and Guienne, Sir Wilfrid pined like a true servant to be in company of the good champion, alongside of whom he had shivered so many lances, and dealt such woundy blows of sword and battle-axe on the plains of Jaffa, or the breaches of Acre. Travellers were welcome at Rotherwood that brought news from the camp of

the good king: and I warrant me that the knight listened with all his might when Father Drono, the chaplain, read in the St. James's Chronykyll (which was the paper of news he of Ivanhoe took in), of "another glorious triumph."—"Defeat of the French near Blois."—"Splendid victory at Epte, and narrow escape of the French king," the which deeds of arms the learned scribes had to narrate.

However such tales might excite him during the reading, they left the knight of Ivanhoe only the more melancholy after listening: and the more moody as he sat in his great hall silently draining his Gascony wine. Silently sat he and looked at his coats of mail, hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spider-webs, and his sword and axe rusting there. "Ah, dear axe," sighed he (into his drinking-horn), "ah, gentle steel! that was a merry time when I sent thee crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melik, as he rode on the right of Saladin. Ah, my sword, my dainty headsman, my sweet split-rib, my razor of infidel beards; is the rust to eat thine edge off, and am I never more to wield thee in battle? What is the use of a shield on a wall, or a lance that has a cobweb for a pennon? O, Richard, my good king, would I could hear once more thy voice in the front of the onset! Bones of Brian the Templar, would ye could rise

from your grave at Templestowe, and that we might break another spear for honour and—and" * * *

And *Rebecca*, he would have said—but the knight paused here in rather a guilty panic: and her Royal Highness the Princess Rowena (as she chose to style herself at home) looked so hard at him out of her China blue eyes, that Sir Wilfrid felt as if she was reading his thoughts, and was fain to drop his own eyes into his flagon.

In a word, his life was intolerable. The dinner hour of the twelfth century, it is known, was very early: in fact, people dined at ten o'clock in the morning: and after dinner, Rowena sat mum under her canopy, embroidered with the arms of Edward the Confessor, working with her maidens at the most hideous pieces of tapestry, representing the tortures and martyrdoms of her favourite saints, and not allowing a soul to speak above his breath, except when she chose to cry out in her own shrill voice when a handmaid made a wrong stitch, or let fall a ball of worsted. It was a dreary life—Wamba, we have said, never ventured to crack a joke, save in a whisper, when he was ten miles from home; and then Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe was too weary and blue-devilled to laugh: but hunted in silence, moodily bringing down deer and wild-boar with shaft and quarrel.

Then he besought Robin of Huntingdon, the jolly outlaw, nathless, to join him, and go to the

help of their fair sire King Richard, with a score or two of lances. But the Earl of Huntingdon was a very different character from Robin Hood the forester. There was no more conscientious magistrate in all the county than his lordship: he was never known to miss church or quarter sessions; he was the strictest game-proprietor in all the Riding, and sent scores of poachers to Botany Bay. "A man who has a stake in the country, my good Sir Wilfrid," Lord Huntingdon said, with rather a patronising air (his lordship had grown immensely fat since the king had taken him into grace, and required a horse as strong as an elephant to mount him), "a man with a stake in the country ought to stay *in* the country. Property has its duties as well as its privileges, and a person of my rank is bound to live on the land from which he gets his living."

"Amen!" sang out the Reverend—Tuck, his lordship's domestic chaplain, who had also grown as sleek as the Abbot of Jorvaulx, who was as prim as a lady in his dress, wore bergamot in his handkerchief, and had his poll shaved, and his beard curled every day. And so sanctified was his Reverence grown, that he thought it was a shame to kill the pretty deer (though he ate of them still hugely, both in pasties and with French beans and currant jelly), and being shown a quarter-staff upon a certain occa-

sion, handled it curiously, and asked "what that ugly great stick was?"

Lady Huntingdon, late Maid Marian, had still some of her old fun and spirits, and poor Ivanhoe begged and prayed that she would come and stay at Rotherwood occasionally, and *égayer* the general dulness of that castle. But her ladyship said that Rowena gave herself such airs, and bored her so intolerably with stories of king Edward the Confessor, that she preferred any place rather than Rotherwood, which was as dull as if it had been at the top of Mount Athos.

The only person who visited it was Athelstane. "His Royal Highness the Prince," Rowena of course called him, whom the lady received with royal honours. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms when he arrived; helped him to all the favourite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bed-room, walking backwards, holding a pair of wax-candles. At this hour of bed time the Thane used to be in such a condition, that he saw two pair of candles and a couple of Ivanhoes reeling before him—let us hope it was not Ivanhoe that was reeling, but only his kinsman's brains muddled with the quantities of drink which it was his daily custom to consume. Rowena said it was the crack which the wicked Bois Guilbert, "the Jewess's *other* lover. Wilfrid, my

dear," gave him on his royal skull, which caused the Prince to be disturbed so easily; but added, that drinking became a person of royal blood, and was but one of the duties of his station.

Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe saw it would be of no avail to ask this man to bear him company on his projected tour abroad; but still he himself was every day more and more bent upon going, and he long cast about for some means of breaking to his Rowena his firm resolution to join the King. He thought she would certainly fall ill if he communicated the news too abruptly to her; he would pretend a journey to York to attend a grand jury; then a call to London on law business or to buy stock; then he would slip over to Calais by the packet by degrees, as it were; and so be with the King before his wife knew that he was out of sight of Westminster Hall.

"Suppose your honour says you are going, as your honour would say Bo to a goose, plump, short, and to the point," said Wamba, the jester, who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counsellor and attendant, "depend on't her highness would bear the news like a Christian woman."

"Tush, malapert! I will give thee the strap," said Sir Wilfrid, in a fine tone of high tragedy indignation; "thou knowest not the delicacy of the nerves of high-born ladies. An she faint not, write me down Hollander."

"I will wager my bauble against an Irish billet of exchange that she will let your honour go off readily: that is, if you press not the matter too strongly." Wamba answered knowingly; and this Ivanhoe found to his discomfiture: for one morning at breakfast, adopting a dégagé air, as he sipped his tea, he said, "My love, I was thinking of going over to pay his Majesty a visit in Normandy:" upon which laying down her muffin, (which, since the Royal Alfred baked those cakes, had been the chosen breakfast cake of noble Anglo Saxons, and which a kneeling page tendered to her on a salver, chased by the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini.)—"When do you think of going, Wilfrid, my dear?"—the lady said, and the moment the tea things were removed, and the tables and their trestles put away, she set about mending his linen, and getting ready his carpet-bag.

So Sir Wilfrid was as disgusted at her readiness to part with him as he had been weary of staying at home, which caused Wamba, the fool, to say, "Marry, Gossip, thou art like the man on ship-board, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out, 'O,' wherever the rope's end fell on him: which caused Master Boatswain to say, 'Plague on thee, fellow, and a pize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee.'"

"And truly there are some backs which Fortune

is always belabouring," thought Sir Wilfrid, with a groan, "and mine is one that is ever sore."

So, with a moderate retinue, whereof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woollen comforter round his neck, which his wife's own white fingers had woven, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe left home to join the King, his master. Rowena standing on the steps, poured out a series of prayers and blessings, most edifying to hear, as her lord mounted his charger, which his squires led to the door. "It was the duty of the British female of rank," she said, "to suffer all, *all* in the cause of her Sovereign. *She* would not fear loneliness during the campaign: she would bear up against widowhood, desertion, and an unprotected situation."

"My cousin Athelstane will protect thee," said Ivanhoe, with profound emotion, as the tears trickled down his basnet; and bestowing a chaste salute upon the steel-clad warrior, Rowena modestly said, "She hoped his highness would be so kind."

Then Ivanhoe's trumpet blew: then Rowena waved her pocket handkerchief: then the household gave a shout: then the pursuivant of the good knight, Sir Wilfrid the Crusader, flung out his banner (which was argent a gules cramoisy with three Moors impaled sable): then Wamba gave a lash on his mule's haunch, and Ivanhoe, heaving a great sigh, turned the tail of his war-horse upon the castle of his fathers.

As they rode along the forest, they met Athelstane, the Thane, powdering along the road in the direction of Rotherwoood on his great dray-horse of a charger. "Good-bye, good luck to you, old brick," cried the Prince, using the vernacular Saxon; "pitch into those Frenchmen; give it 'em over the face and eyes; and I'll stop at home, and take care of Mrs. I."

"Thank you, kinsman," said Ivanhoe, looking, however, not particularly well pleased; and the chiefs shaking hands, the train of each took its different way—Athelstane's to Rotherwood, Ivanhoe's towards his place of embarkation.

The poor knight had his wish, and yet his face was a yard long, and as yellow as a lawyer's parchment; and having longed to quit home any time these three years past, he found himself envying Athelstane, because, forsooth, he was going to Rotherwood: which symptoms of discontent being observed by the witless Wamba, caused that absurd madman to bring his rebeck over his shoulder from his back, and to sing—

ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the griesly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

"Perhaps thou didst, knave," said Ivanhoe, looking over his shoulder; and the knave went on with his jingle.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief, and ride a mule.

And his bells rattled as he kicked his mule's sides.

"Silence, fool!" said Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in a voice both majestic and wrathful. "If thou knowest not care and grief, it is because thou knowest not love, whereof they are the companions. Who can love without an anxious heart? How shall there be joy at meeting, without tears at parting?" (I did not see that his honour or my lady shed many anon, thought Wamba the fool, but he was only a zany, and his mind was not right.) "I would not exchange my very sorrows for thine indifference," the knight continued. "Where there is a sun there must be a

shadow. If the shadow offend me, shall I put out my eyes and live in the dark? No! I am content with my fate, even such as it is. The Care of which thou speakest, hard though it may vex him, never yet rode down an honest man. I can bear him on my shoulders, and make my way through the world's press in spite of him; for my arm is strong, and my sword is keen, and my shield has no stain on it; and my heart, though it is sad, knows no guile." And here, taking a locket out of his waistcoat (which was made of chain-mail), the knight kissed the token, put it back under the waistcoat again, heaved a profound sigh, and stuck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba, he was munching a black pudding whilst Sir Wilfrid was making the above speech (which implied some secret grief on the knight's part, that must have been perfectly unintelligible to the fool), and so did not listen to a single word of Ivanhoe's pompous remarks. They travelled on by slow stages through the whole kingdom, until they came to Dover, whence they took shipping for Calais. And in this little voyage, being exceedingly sea-sick, and besides elated at the thought of meeting his Sovereign, the good knight cast away that profound melancholy which had accompanied him during the whole of his land journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LION.

From Calais Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe took the diligence across country to Limoges, sending on Gurth, his squire, with the horses and the rest of his attendants, with the exception of Wamba, who travelled not only as the knight's fool but as his valet, and who, perched on the roof of the carriage, amused himself by blowing tunes upon the *conducteur's* French horn. The good King Richard was, as Ivanhoe learned, in the Limousin, encamped before a little place called Chalus, the lord whereof, though a vassal of the King's, was holding the castle against his Sovereign with a resolution and valour, which caused a great fury and annoyance on the part of the Monarch with the Lion Heart. For brave and magnanimous as he was, the Lion-hearted one did not love to be baulked any more than another; and, like the royal animal whom he was said to resemble, he commonly tore his adversary to pieces, and then, perchance, had leisure to think how brave the latter had been. The Count of Chalus had found, it was said, a pot of money; the royal Richard wanted it. As the Count denied that he had it, why did he not open the gates of his castle at

once? It was a clear proof that he was guilty; and the King was determined to punish this rebel, and have his money and his life too.

He had naturally brought no breaching guns with him, because those instruments were not yet invented: and though he had assaulted the place a score of times with the utmost fury, his Majesty had been beaten back on every occasion, until he was so savage that it was dangerous to approach the British Lion. The Lion's wife, the lovely Berengaria, scarcely ventured to come near him. He flung the joint stools in his tent at the heads of the officers of state, and kicked his aides-de-camp round his pavilion: and, in fact, a maid of honour, who brought a sack-posset into his Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a foot-ball out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

"Send me my Austrian drum-major to flog that woman," roared out the infuriate King. "By the bones of St. Barnabas she has burned the sack! By St. Wittikind, I will have her flayed alive. Ha! St. George, Ha! St. Richard, whom have we here?" And he lifted up his demi-culverin, or curtal axe, a weapon weighing about thirteen hundred weight, and was about to fling it at the intruder's head, when the latter, kneeling gracefully on one knee, said calmly, "It is I, my good liege, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe."

"What, Wilfrid of Templestowe, Wilfrid the

married man, Wilfrid the hen-pecked," cried the King with a sudden burst of good humour, flinging away the culverin from him, as though it had been a reed (it lighted three hundred yards off, on the foot of Hugo de Bunyon, who was smoking a cigar at the door of his tent, and caused that redoubted warrior to limp for some days after). "What, Wilfrid, my gossip? Art come to see the Lion's den? There are bones in it, man, bones and carcases, and the Lion is angry," said the King, with a terrific glare of his eyes, "but tush! we will talk of that anon. Ho! bring two gallons of hypocras for the King, and the good knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Thou art come in time, Wilfrid, for by St. Richard, and St. George, we will give a grand assault to-morrow. There will be bones broken, ha!"

"I care not, my liege," said Ivanhoe, pledging the Sovereign respectfully, and tossing off the whole contents of the bowl of hypocras to his Highness's good health,—and he at once appeared to be taken into high favour, not a little to the envy of many of the persons surrounding the King.

As his Majesty said, there was fighting and feasting in plenty before Chalus. Day after day, the besiegers made assaults upon the castle, but it was held so stoutly by the Count of Chalus, and his gallant garrison, that each afternoon beheld the attacking parties returning disconsolately to their tents, leaving

behind them many of their own slain, and bringing back with them store of broken heads, and maimed limbs, received in the unsuccessful onset. The valour displayed by Ivanhoe, in all these contests, was prodigious; and the way in which he escaped death from the discharges of mangonels, catapults, battering-rams, twenty-four pounders, boiling oil, and other artillery, with which the besieged received their enemies, was remarkable. After a day's fighting, Gurth and Wamba used to pick the arrows out of their intrepid master's coat of mail, as if they had been so many almonds in a pudding. 'Twas well for the good knight, that under his first coat of armour he wore a choice suit of Toledan steel, perfectly impervious to arrow shots, and given to him by a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, to whom he had done some considerable services a few years back.

If King Richard had not been in such a rage at the repeated failures of his attacks upon the Castle, that all sense of justice was blinded in the lion-hearted Monarch, he would have been the first to acknowledge the valour of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and would have given him a Peerage, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, at least a dozen times in the course of the siege: for Ivanhoe led more than a dozen storming parties, and with his own hand killed as many men (viz. two thousand three hundred and fifty-one) within six, as were slain by the lion-hearted Monarch

himself. But his Majesty was rather disgusted than pleased, by his faithful servant's prowess: and all the courtiers who hated Ivanhoe for his superior valour and dexterity (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, whilst the strongest champions of the King's host could not finish more than their two dozen of a day), poisoned the royal mind against Sir Wilfrid, and made the King look upon his feats of arms with an evil eye. Roger de Backbite sneeringly told the King, that Sir Wilfrid had offered to bet an equal bet, that he would kill more men than Richard himself in the next assault; Peter de Toadhole said, that Ivanhoe stated every where, that his Majesty was not the man he used to be: that pleasures and drink had enervated him; that he could neither ride, nor strike a blow with sword or axe, as he had been enabled to do in the old times in Palestine; and finally, in the twenty-fifth assault, in which they had very nearly carried the place, and in which onset Ivanhoe slew seven, and his Majesty six, of the sons of the Count de Chalus, its defender, Ivanhoe almost did for himself, by planting his banner before the King's, upon the wall; and only rescued himself from utter disgrace, by saving his Majesty's life several times in the course of this most desperate onslaught.

Then the luckless knight's very virtues (as, no doubt, my respected readers know) made him ene-

mies amongst the men—nor was Ivanhoe liked by the women frequenting the camp of the gay King Richard. His young Queen, and a brilliant court of ladies, attended the pleasure-loving Monarch. His Majesty would transact business in the morning, then fight severely from after breakfast till about three o'clock in the afternoon; from which time, until after midnight, there was nothing but jigging and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivanhoe, who was asked as a matter of ceremony, and forced to attend these entertainments, not caring about the blandishments of any of the ladies present, looked on at their ogling and dancing with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's, and was a perfect wet blanket in the midst of the festivities. His favourite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of Chalus, and with whom Ivanhoe loved to talk about Palestine, and the Jews, and other grave matters of import, better than to mingle in the gayest amusements of the court of King Richard. Many a night, when the Queen and the ladies were dancing quadrilles and polkas (in which his Majesty, who was enormously stout as well as tall, insisted upon figuring, and in which he was about as graceful as an elephant dancing a hornpipe), Ivanhoe would steal away from the ball, and come and have a night's chat under the moon with his reverend friend. It pained

him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at his Majesty whilst they flattered him: the pages and maids of honour mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, his Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music—but those who have read Lord Campobello's lives of the Lord Chancellors, are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel, who, in fact, did all the musical part of the King's performances; and, as for the words, when a King writes verses, we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom, and, turning round to his courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th

March, 1199, indeed, his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands, and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an *original* air and poem, beginning

> Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose.
> Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally *original* heroic melody, of which the chorus was

> Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
> For Britons, never, never, never, slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him, when the knight with a bow said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George but ye never heard *this* song, for I composed it this

very afternoon as I took my bath after the mêlée. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his Majesty had done as he said, and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican:
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him;
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Encore! Encore! Bravo! Bis! Everybody applauded the King's song with all his might; every-

body except Ivanhoe, who preserved his abominable gravity; and when asked aloud by Roger de Backbite whether he had heard that too? said, firmly, "Yes, Roger de Backbite, and so hast thou if thou darest but tell the truth."

"Now, by St. Cicely, may I never touch gittern again," bawled the King in a fury, "if every note, word, and thought be not mine; may I die in to-morrow's onslaught if the song be not my song. Sing thyself, Wilfrid of the Lanthorn Jaws; thou couldst sing a good song in old times:" and with all his might, and with a forced laugh, the King, who loved brutal practical jests, flung his guitar at the head of Ivanhoe.

Sir Wilfrid caught it gracefully with one hand, and, making an elegant bow to the Sovereign, began to chant as follows:—

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young,
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious Master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry Monarch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied,
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered sires—"
—"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near:"
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do 't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us?*
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus;*
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a Doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey,
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

At this ballad, which, to be sure, was awfully long, and as grave as a sermon, some of the courtiers tittered, some yawned, and some affected to be asleep, and snore outright. But Roger de Backbite thinking to curry favour with the King by this piece of vulgarity, his Majesty fetched him a knock on the nose and a buffet on the ear, which, I warrant me, wakened Master Roger; to whom the King said, "Listen and be civil, slave, Wilfrid is singing about thee—Wilfrid, thy ballad is long, but it is to the purpose, and I have grown cool during thy homily. Give me thy hand, honest friend. Ladies, goodnight. Gentlemen, we give the grand assault tomorrow: when I promise thee, Wilfrid, thy banner shall not be before mine"—and the King giving his arm to her Majesty, retired into the private pavilion.

CHAPTER III.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

Whilst the Royal Richard and his court were feasting in the camp outside the walls of Chalus, they

of the castle were in the most miserable plight that may be conceived. Hunger, as well as the fierce assaults of the besiegers, had made dire ravages in the place. The garrison's provisions of corn and cattle, their very horses, dogs, and donkeys had been eaten up—so that it might well be said by Wamba, "that famine, as well as slaughter, had *thinned* the garrison." When the men of Chalus came on the walls to defend it against the scaling parties of King Richard—they were like so many skeletons in armour—they could hardly pull their bow-strings at last, or pitch down stones on the heads of his Majesty's party, so weak had their arms become, and the gigantic Count of Chalus, a warrior as redoubtable for his size and strength as Richard Plantagenet himself, was scarcely able to lift up his battle-axe upon the day of that last assault, when Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ran him through the * * but we are advancing matters.

What should prevent me from describing the agonies of hunger which the Count (a man of large appetite) suffered in company with his heroic sons and garrison?—Nothing, but that Dante has already done the business in the notorious history of Count Ugolino: that my efforts might be considered as mere imitations. Why should I not, if I were minded [illegible] in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves

during the siege; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a boiling, had onions, carrots and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make a savoury soup, as the French call it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off a kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bed-gown? Dear friends, it is not from want of imagination, or from having no turn for the terrible or pathetic, that I spare you these details.—I could give you some description that would spoil your dinner and night's rest, and make your hair stand on end. — But why harrow your feelings? Fancy all the tortures and horrors that possibly can occur in a beleaguered and famished castle: fancy the feelings of men who know that no more quarter will be given them than they would get if they were peaceful Hungarian citizens, kidnapped and brought to trial by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and then let us rush on to the breach, and prepare once more to meet the assault of dreadful King Richard and his men.

On the 29th of March in the year 1199, the good King, having copiously partaken of breakfast, caused his trumpets to blow, and advanced with his host upon the breach of the castle of Chalus. Arthur de

Pendennis bore his banner; Wilfrid of Ivanhoe fought on the King's right hand. Molyneux, Bishop of Bullocksmithy, doffed crosier and mitre for that day, and though fat and pursy, panted up the breach with the most resolute spirit, roaring out war-cries and curses, and wielding a prodigious mace of iron, with which he did good execution. Hugo de Backbite was forced to come in attendance upon the Sovereign, but took care to keep in the rear of his august master, and to shelter behind his huge triangular shield as much as possible. Many lords of note followed the King and bore the ladders: and as they were placed against the wall, the air was perfectly dark with the shower of arrows which the English archers poured out at the besiegers; and the cataract of stones, kettles, boot-jacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bomb-shells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung out on the storming party. The King received a copper coal-scuttle right over his eyes, and a mahogany wardrobe was discharged at his morion, which would have felled an ox, and would have done for the King had not Ivanhoe warded it off skilfully. Still they advanced, the warriors falling around them like grass beneath the scythe of the mower.

The ladders were placed in spite of the hail of death raining round; the King and Ivanhoe were, of

course, the first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair; and roaring out "Ha! Plantagenet, Saint Barbacue for Chalus!" he dealt the King a crack across the helmet with his battle-axe, which shore off the gilt lion and crown that surmounted the steel cap. The King bent and reeled back; the besiegers were dismayed; the garrison and the Count of Chalus set up a shout of triumph: but it was premature.

As quick as thought Ivanhoe was into the Count with a thrust in tierce, which took him just at the joint of the armour, and ran him through as clean as a spit does a partridge. Uttering a horrid shriek, he fell back writhing; the King recovering staggered up the parapet; the rush of knights followed, and the union-jack was planted triumphantly on the walls just as Ivanhoe,—but we must leave him for a moment.

"Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!" the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the onset. At every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen a warrior equal to that Lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfants de Chalus* had fallen; there was

only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the gallant Count:—only one, and but a boy, a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the field but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother's arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, my dear young friends and kind-hearted ladies! Do not look at that ill-fated poor boy! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee! * * *

"Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges," said Bertrand de Gourdon, "the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue—"

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

'Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets

of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more! * * *

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition, but as in the battles, which are described by the kindly chronicler of one of whose works this present masterpiece is professedly a continuation, everything passes off agreeably; the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader; nay some of the most savage and blood-stained characters of history, such is the indomitable good humour of the great novelist, become amiable jovial companions, for whom one has a hearty sympathy—so, if you please, we will have this fighting business at Chalus, and the garrison and honest Bertrand of Gourdon, disposed of, the former according to the usage of the good old times, having been hung up, or murdered to a man, and the latter killed in the manner described by the late Dr. Goldsmith in his History.

As for the Lion-hearted, we all very well know that the shaft of Bertrand de Gourdon put an end to the royal hero—and that from that 29th of March he never robbed or murdered any more. And we have legends in recondite books of the manner of the King's death.

"You must die, my son," said the venerable

Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill-jesting with a dying man," replied the King. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child, and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

Meanwhile what has become of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, whom we left in the act of rescuing his Sovereign by running the Count of Chalus through the body?

As the good knight stooped down to pick his sword out of the corpse of his fallen foe, some one coming behind him suddenly thrust a dagger into his

back at a place where his shirt of mail was open (for Sir Wilfrid had armed that morning in a hurry, and it was his breast, not his back, that he was accustomed ordinarily to protect), and when poor Wamba came up on the rampart, which he did when the fighting was over—being such a fool that he could not be got to thrust his head into danger for glory's sake—he found his dear knight with the dagger in his back lying without life upon the body of the Count de Chalus whom he had anon slain.

Ah, what a howl poor Wamba set up when he found his master killed! How he lamented over the corpse of that noble knight and friend! What mattered it to him that Richard the King was borne wounded to his tent, and that Bertrand de Gourdon was flayed alive? At another time the sight of this spectacle might have amused the simple knave; but now all his thoughts were of his lord, so good, so gentle, so kind, so loyal, so frank with the great, so tender to the poor, so truthful of speech, so modest regarding his own merit, so true a gentleman, in a word, that anybody might, with reason, deplore him.

As Wamba opened the dear knight's corslet, he found a locket round his neck, in which there was some hair, not flaxen like that of my Lady Rowena, who was almost as fair as an Albino, but as black, Wamba thought, as the locks of the Jewish maiden whom the knight had rescued in the lists of Temple-

stowe. A bit of Rowena's hair was in Sir Wilfrid's possession, too, but that was in his purse along with his seal of arms, and a couple of groats; for the good knight never kept any money, so generous was he of his largesses when money came in.

Wamba took the purse, and seal, and groats, but he left the locket of hair round his master's neck, and when he returned to England never said a word about the circumstance. After all, how should he know whose hair it was? It might have been the knight's grandmother's hair for aught the fool knew; so he kept his counsel when he brought back the sad news and tokens to the disconsolate widow at Rotherwood.

The poor fellow would never have left the body at all, and indeed sat by it all night, and until the grey of the morning, when, seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing towards him, he fled in dismay, supposing that they were marauders who were out searching for booty among the dead bodies; and having not the least courage, he fled from these, and tumbled down the breach, and never stopped running as fast as his legs would carry him until he reached the tents of his late beloved master.

The news of the knight's demise, it appeared, had been known at his quarters long before; for his servants were gone, and had ridden off on his horses; his chests were plundered, there was not so much as

a shirt collar left in his drawers, and the very bed and blankets had been carried away by these *faithful* attendants. Who had slain Ivanhoe? That remains a mystery to the present day; but Hugo de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years afterwards at the Court of King John in an embroidered velvet waistcoat, which Rowena could have sworn she had worked for Ivanhoe, and about which the widow would have made some little noise, but that—but that she was no longer a widow.

That she truly deplored the death of her lord, cannot be questioned, for she ordered the deepest mourning which any milliner in York could supply, and erected a monument to his memory, as big as a minster. But she was a lady of such fine principles, that she did not allow her grief to over-master her; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the two best Saxon families in England, by an alliance between herself and the gentleman who offered himself to her, Rowena sacrified her inclination to remain single, to her sense of duty; and contracted a second matrimonial engagement.

That Athelstane was the man, I suppose no reader familiar with life, and novels (which are a rescript of life, and are all strictly natural and edifying), can for

a moment doubt. Cardinal Pandulfo tied the knot for them: and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death (for his body was never sent home after all, nor seen after Wamba ran away from it), his eminence procured a papal decree, annulling the former marriage, so that Rowena became Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. And who shall be surprised, if she was happier with the stupid and boozy thane, than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid? Did women never have a predilection for fools, I should like to know; or fall in love with donkeys, before the time of the amours of Bottom and Titania? "Ah! Mary, had you not preferred an ass to a man, would you have married Jack Bray, when a Michael Angelo offered? Ah! Fanny, were you not a woman, would you persist in adoring Tom Hiccups, who beats you, and comes home tipsy from the Club?" Yes, Rowena cared a hundred times more about tipsy Athelstane, than ever she had done for gentle Ivanhoe, and so great was her infatuation about the latter, that she would sit upon his knee in the presence of all her maidens, and let him smoke his cigars in the very drawing-room.

This is the epitaph she caused to be written by Father Drono (who piqued himself upon his Latinity), on the stone commemorating the death of her late lord:

Hic est Guilfridus, belli dum bixit abidus;
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia
Verbera dura dabat: per Turcos multum equitabat:
Guilbertum occidit: atque Hierosolyma bidit.
Heu! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Thani.

And this is the translation which the doggrel knave Wamba made of the Latin lines.

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew,
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the grey stone:
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplorèd,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

Athelstane burst into a loud laugh, when he heard it, at the last line, but Rowena would have had the fool whipped, had not the Thane interceded, and to him, she said, she could refuse nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

IVANHOE REDIVIVUS.

I TRUST nobody will suppose, from the events described in the last Chapter, that our friend Ivanhoe is really dead. Because we have given him an epitaph or two and a monument, are these any reasons that he should be really gone out of the world? No: as in the pantomime, when we see Clown and Pantaloon lay out Harlequin and cry over him, we are always sure that Master Harlequin will be up at the next minute alert and shining in his glistening coat; and, after giving a box on the ears to the pair of them, will be taking a dance with Columbine, or leaping gaily through the clock-face, or into the three-pair-of-stairs window:—so Sir Wilfrid, the Harlequin of our Christmas piece, may be run through a little, or may make believe to be dead, but will assuredly rise up

again when he is wanted, and show himself at the right moment.

The suspicious-looking characters from whom Wamba ran away were no cut-throats and plunderers as the poor knave imagined, but no other than Ivanhoe's friend, the hermit, and a reverend brother of his, who visited the scene of the late battle in order to see if any Christians still survived there, whom they might shrive and get ready for Heaven, or to whom they might possibly offer the benefit of their skill as leeches. Both were prodigiously learned in the healing art: and had about them those precious elixirs which so often occur in romances, and with which patients are so miraculously restored. Abruptly dropping his master's head from his lap as he fled, poor Wamba caused the knight's pate to fall with rather a heavy thump to the ground, and if the knave had but stayed a minute longer, he would have heard Sir Wilfrid utter a deep groan. But though the fool heard him not, the holy hermits did; and to recognize the gallant Wilfrid, to withdraw the enormous dagger still sticking out of his back, to wash the wound with a portion of the precious elixir, and to pour a little of it down his throat, was with the excellent hermits the work of an instant; which remedies being applied, one of the good men took the knight by the heels and the other by the head, and bore him daintily from the castle to their hermitage in a neighbouring rock. As

for the Count of Chalus, and the remainder of the slain, the hermits were too much occupied with Ivanhoe's case to mind them, and did not, it appears, give them any elixir, so that, if they are really dead, they must stay on the rampart stark and cold; or if otherwise, when the scene closes upon them as it does now, they may get up, shake themselves, go to the slips and drink a pot of porter, or change their stage-clothes and go home to supper. My dear readers, you may settle the matter among yourselves as you like. If you wish to kill the characters really off, let them be dead, and have done with them: but, *entre nous*, I don't believe they are any more dead than you or I are, and sometimes doubt whether there is a single syllable of truth in this whole story.

Well, Ivanhoe was taken to the hermits' cell, and there doctored by the holy fathers for his hurts, which were of such a severe and dangerous order, that he was under medical treatment for a very considerable time. When he woke up from his delirium, and asked how long he had been ill, fancy his astonishment when he heard that he had been in the fever for six years! He thought the reverend fathers were joking at first, but their profession forbade them from that sort of levity; and besides, he could not possibly have got well any sooner, because the story would have been sadly put out had he appeared earlier. And it proves how good the fathers were to him, and how very nearly

that scoundrel of a Hugh de Backbite's dagger had finished him, that he did not get well under this great length of time, during the whole of which the fathers tended him without ever thinking of a fee. I know of a kind physician in this town who does as much sometimes, but I won't do him the ill service of mentioning his name here.

Ivanhoe, being now quickly pronounced well, trimmed his beard, which by this time hung down considerably below his knees, and calling for his suit of chain armour, which before had fitted his elegant person as tight as wax, now put it on, and it bagged and hung so loosely about him, that even the good Friars laughed at his absurd appearance. It was impossible that he should go about the country in such a garb as that: the very boys would laugh at him: so the Friars gave him one of their old gowns, in which he disguised himself; and, after taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, set forth on his return to his native country. As he went along, he learned that Richard was dead, that John reigned, that Prince Arthur had been poisoned, and was of course made acquainted with various other facts of public importance recorded in Pinnock's Catechism and the Historic Page.

But these subjects did not interest him near so much as his own private affairs; and I can fancy that his legs trembled under him, and his pilgrim's staff

shook with emotion, as at length, after many perils, he came in sight of his paternal mansion of Rotherwood, and saw once more the chimneys smoking, the shadows of the oaks over the grass in the sunset, and the rooks winging over the trees. He heard the supper gong sounding: he knew his way to the door well enough; he entered the familiar hall with a *benedicite*, and without any more words took his place.

* * * * * *

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee; Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden jug. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar.—

"And so, grey frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?"

"We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good King in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!"

"And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport," roared Athelstane, laugh-

ing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he fought well at Chalus!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his

wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane. "But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a dog in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for by-gones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs. "There be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began :—

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmass pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years' syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, Sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble Sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favour. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really—"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, Madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprung after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfred of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar

spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone; and the knave being in the habit of wandering hither and thither, as he chose, little notice was taken of his absence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the Lord Mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena—(who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her)—he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and

pledged his big father in a cup of sack; he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, where he seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine;—in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognised in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe. Having a large fortune and nothing to do, he went about this country performing charities, slaying robbers, rescuing the distressed, and achieving noble feats of arms. Dragons and giants existed in his day no more, or be sure he would have had a fling at them: for the truth is, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was somewhat sick of the life which the hermits of Chalus had restored to him, and felt himself so friendless and solitary that he would not have been sorry to come to an end of it. Ah! my dear friends and intelligent British public, are there not others who are melancholy under a mask of gaiety, and who, in the midst of crowds, are lonely? Liston was a most melancholy man; Grimaldi had feelings; and there are others I wot of—but psha—let us have the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

IVANHOE TO THE RESCUE.

The rascally manner in which the chicken-livered successor of Richard of the Lion-heart conducted himself to all parties, to his relatives, his nobles, and his people, is a matter notorious, and set forth clearly in the Historic Page: hence, although nothing, except perhaps success, can, in my opinion, excuse disaffection to the Sovereign, or appearance in armed rebellion against him, the loyal reader will make allowance for two of the principal personages of this narrative, who will have to appear in the present Chapter, in the odious character of rebels to their lord and king. It must be remembered, in partial exculpation of the fault of Ivanhoe and Rowena (a fault for which they were bitterly punished, as you shall presently hear), that the Monarch exasperated his subjects in a variety of ways,—that before he murdered his royal nephew, Prince Arthur, there was a great question whether he was the rightful King of England at all,—that his behaviour as an uncle, and a family man, were likely to wound the feelings of any lady and mother,—finally, that there were palliations for the conduct of Rowena and Ivanhoe, which it now becomes our duty to relate.

When his Majesty destroyed Prince Arthur, the Lady Rowena, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Queen, gave up her place at Court at once, and retired to her castle of Rotherwood. Expressions made use of by her, and derogatory to the character of the Sovereign, were carried to the Monarch's ears, by some of those parasites, doubtless, by whom it is the curse of kings to be attended; and John swore, by St. Peter's teeth, that he would be revenged upon the haughty Saxon lady,—a kind of oath, which, though he did not trouble himself about all other oaths, he was never known to break. It was not for some years after he had registered this vow, that he was enabled to keep it.

Had Ivanhoe been present at Rouen, when the King meditated his horrid designs against his nephew, there is little doubt that Sir Wilfrid would have prevented them, and rescued the boy: for Ivanhoe was, we need scarcely say, a hero of romance; and it is the custom and duty of all gentlemen of that profession to be present on all occasions of historic interest, to be engaged in all conspiracies, royal interviews, and remarkable occurrences,—and hence Sir Wilfrid would certainly have rescued the young Prince, had he been any where in the neighbourhood of Rouen, where the foul tragedy occurred. But he was a couple of hundred leagues off at Chalus when the circumstance happened: tied down in his bed as crazy

as a Bedlamite, and raving ceaselessly in the Hebrew tongue, which he had caught up during a previous illness in which he was tended by a maiden of that nation, about a certain Rebecca Ben Isaacs, of whom, being a married man, he never would have thought, had he been in his sound senses. During this delirium, what were Politics to him, or he to Politics? King John or King Arthur were entirely indifferent to a man who announced to his nurse-tenders, the good hermits of Chalus before mentioned, that he was the Marquis of Jericho, and about to marry Rebecca the Queen of Sheba. In a word, he only heard of what had occurred, when he reached England, and his senses were restored to him. Whether was he happier, sound of brain, and entirely miserable (as any man would be who found so admirable a wife as Rowena married again), or perfectly crazy, the husband of the beautiful Rebecca? I don't know which he liked best.

Howbeit the conduct of King John inspired Sir Wilfrid with so thorough a detestation of that Sovereign, that he never could be brought to take service under him; to get himself presented at St. James's, or in any way to acknowledge, but by stern acquiescence, the authority of the sanguinary successor of his beloved King Richard. It was Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the Barons of England to league together and extort from the King that fa-

mous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the MAGNA CHARTA. His name does not naturally appear in the list of Barons, because he was only a knight, and a knight in disguise too: nor does Athelstane's signature figure on that document. Athelstane, in the first place, could not write; nor did he care a penny-piece about politics, so long as he could drink his wine at home undisturbed, and have his hunting and shooting in quiet.

It was not until the King wanted to interfere with the sport of every gentleman in England (as we know by reference to the Historic Page that this odious monarch did), that Athelstane broke out into open rebellion, along with several Yorkshire squires and noblemen. It is recorded of the King, that he forbade every man to hunt his own deer; and, in order to secure an obedience to his orders, this Herod of a monarch wanted to secure the eldest sons of all the nobility and gentry, as hostages for the good behaviour of their parents.

Athelstane was anxious about his game—Rowena was anxious about her son. The former swore that he would hunt his deer in spite of all Norman tyrants —the latter asked, should she give up her boy to the ruffian who had murdered his own nephew?* The

* See Hume, Giraldus Cambrensis, The Monk of Croyland, and Pinnock's Catechism.

speeches of both were brought to the King at York; and, furious, he ordered an instant attack upon Rotherwood, and that the lord and lady of that castle should be brought before him dead or alive.

Ah, where was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the unconquerable champion, to defend the castle against the royal party? A few thrusts from his lance would have spitted the leading warriors of the King's host: a few cuts from his sword would have put John's forces to rout. But the lance and sword of Ivanhoe were idle on this occasion. "No, be hanged to me!" said the knight, bitterly, "*this* is a quarrel in which I can't interfere. Common politeness forbids. Let yonder ale-swilling Athelstane defend his, ha, ha, *wife*: and my lady Rowena guard her, ha, ha, ha, *son*." And he laughed wildly and madly: and the sarcastic way in which he choked and gurgled out the words "wife" and "son" would have made you shudder to hear.

When he heard, however, that, on the fourth day of the siege, Athelstane had been slain by a cannon ball (and this time for good, and not to come to life again as he had done before), and that the widow (if so the innocent bigamist may be called) was conducting the defence of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls, with her little son (who bellowed like a bull, and did not like the fighting at all), pointing the guns

and encouraging the garrison in every way—better feelings returned to the bosom of the knight of Ivanhoe, and summoning his men, he armed himself quickly, and determined to go forth to the rescue.

He rode without stopping for two days and two nights in the direction of Rotherwood, with such swiftness and disregard for refreshment, indeed, that his men dropped one by one upon the road, and he arrived alone at the lodge gate of the park. The windows were smashed; the door stove in; the lodge, a neat little Swiss cottage, with a garden, where the pinafores of Mrs. Gurth's children might have been seen hanging on the gooseberry bushes in more peaceful times, was now a ghastly heap of smoking ruins—cottage, bushes, pinafores, children lay mangled together, destroyed by the licentious soldiery of an infuriate monarch! Far be it from me to excuse the disobedience of Athelstane and Rowena to their Sovereign; but surely, surely this cruelty might have been spared.

Gurth, who was lodge-keeper, was lying dreadfully wounded and expiring at the flaming and violated threshold of his lately picturesque home. A catapult and a couple of mangonels had done his business. The faithful fellow, recognizing his master, who had put up his visor and forgotten his wig and spectacles in the agitation of the moment, exclaimed, "Sir Wilfrid! my dear master—praised be

St. Waltheof—there may be yet time—my beloved mistr—master Athelst . . . " He sank back, and never spoke again.

Ivanhoe spurred on his horse Bavieca madly up the chestnut avenue. The castle was before him: the western tower was in flames; the besiegers were pressing at the southern gate: Athelstane's banner, the bull rampant, was still on the northern bartizan. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he bellowed out, with a shout that overcame all the din of battle—Notre Dame à la rescousse—and to hurl his lance through the midriff of Reginald de Bracy, who was commanding the assault, who fell howling with anguish, to wave his battle-axe over his own head, and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said 'hoe.'

"Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!" a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern bartizan. Ivanhoe knew it.

"Rowena! my love! I come!" he roared on his part, "Villains! touch but a hair of her head, and I . . . . "

Here, with a sudden plunge and a squeal of agony, Bavieca sprang forward wildly, and fell as wildly on her back, rolling over and over upon the knight. All was dark before him; his brain reeled; it whizzed: something came crashing down on his fore-

head. St. Waltheof, and all the saints of the Saxon calendar protect the knight! * * *

When he came to himself, Wamba and the lieutenant of his lances were leaning over him with a bottle of the hermit's elixir. "We arrived here the day after the battle," said the fool; "marry, I have a knack of that."

"Your worship rode so deucedly quick, there was no keeping up with your worship," said the lieutenant.

"The day—after—the bat—" groaned Ivanhoe. —"Where is the Lady Rowena?"

"The castle has been taken and sacked," the lieutenant said,—and pointed to what once *was* Rotherwood, but was now only a heap of smoking ruins.—Not a tower was left, not a roof, not a floor, not a single human being! Everything was flame and ruin, smash and murther!

Of course Ivanhoe fell back fainting again among the ninety-seven men-at-arms whom he had slain; and it was not until Wamba had applied a second, and uncommonly strong, dose of elixir that he came to life again. The good knight was, however, from long practice, so accustomed to the severest wounds, that he bore them far more easily than common folk, and thus was enabled to reach York upon a litter, which his men constructed for him, with tolerable ease.

Rumour had as usual advanced him; and he heard at the hotel where he stopped, what had been the issue of the affair at Rotherwood. A minute or two after his horse was stabbed, and Ivanhoe knocked down, the western bartizan was taken by the storming party which invested it, and every soul slain, except Rowena and her boy; who were tied upon horses and carried away, under a secure guard, to one of the King's castles—nobody knew whither—and Ivanhoe was recommended by the hotel-keeper (whose house he had used in former times) to reassume his wig and spectacles, and not call himself by his own name any more, lest some of the King's people should lay hands on him. However, as he had killed everybody round about him, there was but little danger of his discovery; and the Knight of the Spectacles, as he was called, went about York unmolested, and at liberty to attend to his own affairs.

We wish to be brief in narrating this part of the gallant hero's existence; for his life was one of feeling rather than affection, and the description of mere sentiment is considered by many well-informed persons to be tedious. What *were* his sentiments, now, it may be asked, under the peculiar position in which he found himself? He had done his duty by Rowena, certainly; no man could say otherwise. But as for being in love with her any more, after what had occurred, that was a different question. Well, come

what would, he was determined still to continue do ing his duty by her ;—but as she was whisked away, the deuce knew whither, how could he do anything? So he resigned himself to the fact that she was thus whisked away.

He, of course, sent emissaries about the country to endeavour to find out where Rowena was ; but these came back without any sort of intelligence ; and it was remarked, that he still remained in a perfect state of resignation. He remained in this condition for a year, or more ; and it was said that he was becoming more cheerful, and he certainly was growing rather fat. The Knight of the Spectacles was voted an agreeable man in a grave way ; and gave some very elegant, though quiet, parties, and was received in the best society of York.

It was just at assize-time, the lawyers and barristers had arrived, and the town was unusually gay ; when, one morning, the attorney, whom we have mentioned as Sir Wilfrid's man of business, and a most respectable man, called upon his gallant client at his lodgings, and said he had a communication of importance to make. Having to communicate with a client of rank, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery, Sir Hugo de Backbite, the attorney said, he had been to visit that party in the condemned cell ; and on the way through the yard, and through the bars of another cell, had seen and recog-

nized an old acquaintance of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe —and the lawyer held him out, with a particular look, a note, written on a piece of whity-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe'e sensations when he recognised the handwriting of Rowena !—he tremblingly dashed open the billet, and read as follows :—

"My dearest Ivanhoe :—For I am thine now as erst, and my first love was ever—ever dear to me. Have I been near thee dying for a whole year, and didst thou make no effort to rescue thy Rowena ? Have ye given to others—I mention not their name nor their odious creed—the heart that ought to be mine ? I send thee my forgiveness from my dying pallet of straw.—I forgive thee the insults I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my boy, the bitterness of my prison, thy infatuation about that Jewess, which made our married life miserable, and which caused thee, I am sure, to go abroad to look after her.—I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my gaoler—he will tell thee how I may see thee.—Come and console my last hour by promising that thou wilt care for my boy—*his* boy who fell like a hero (when thou wert absent) combating by the side of

"Rowena."

The reader may consult his own feelings, and say whether Ivanhoe was likely to be pleased or not by this letter; however, he inquired of Mr. Smith, the solicitor, what was the plan which that gentleman had devised for the introduction to Lady Rowena, and was informed, that he was to get a barrister's gown and wig, when the gaoler would introduce him into the interior of the prison. These decorations, knowing several gentlemen of the Northern Circuit, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe easily procured, and, with feelings of no small trepidation, reached the cell where, for the space of a year, poor Rowena had been immured.

If any person have a doubt of the correctness, of the historical exactness, of this narrative, I refer him to the "Biographie Universelle" (article Jean sans Terre), which says, "La femme d'un baron auquel on vint demander son fils, répondit, 'Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main?' Jean fit enlever la mère et l'enfant, et la laissa *mourir de faim* dans les cachots."

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Rowena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre, and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. The

weary year passes—she grows weaker and more languid, thinner and thinner! At length Ivanhoe, in the disguise of a barrister of the Northern Circuit, is introduced to her cell, and finds his lady in the last stage of exhaustion, on the straw of her dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance—their recognition—the faint blush upon her worn features—the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

"Wilfrid, my early loved," slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly, as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee—"Promise me by St. Waltheof of Templestowe; promise me one boon!"

"I do," said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

"By St. Waltheof?"

"By St. Waltheof!"

"Promise me, then," gasped Rowena, staring

wildly at him, "that you never will marry a Jewess?"

"By St. Waltheof," cried Ivanhoe, "this is too much! Rowena!" But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver—she was no more!

CHAPTER VI.

IVANHOE THE WIDOWER.

Having placed young Cedric at School at the Hall of Dotheboyes, in Yorkshire, and arranged his family affairs, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe quitted a country which had no longer any charms for him, and in which his stay was rendered the less agreeable by the notion that King John would hang him if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimetar,—these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received

wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their Order was a respected though not a welcome guest: but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure; and always affectioning that Order, which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St. Waltheof, and slaying many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the Order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the cause, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the Order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite), with a hundred crowns and a gimmal ring, which were all the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money), saying, "Take this token, and remem-

ber this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York!" So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians, as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

The account of all the battles, storms, and scaladoes in which Sir Wilfrid took part, would only weary the reader, for the chopping off one heathen's head with an axe must be very like the decapitation of any other unbeliever. Suffice it to say, that wherever this kind of work was to be done, and Sir Wilfrid was in the way, he was the man to perform it. It would astonish you were you to see the account that Wamba kept of his master's achievements, and of the Bulgarians, Bohemians, Croatians, slain or maimed by his hand; and as, in those days, a reputation for valour had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women; and even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favour by Beauty: so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favoured, though now becoming rather elderly, made conquests over female breasts, as well as over Saracens, and had more than one direct offer of marriage made to him by princesses, countesses, and noble ladies

possessing both charms and money, which they were anxious to place at the disposal of a champion so renowned. It is related that the Duchess Regent of Kartoffelberg offered him her hand, and the Ducal Crown of Kartoffelberg, which he had rescued from the unbelieving Prussians; but Ivanhoe evaded the Duchess's offer, by riding away from her capital secretly at midnight, and hiding himself in a convent of Knights Hospitallers, on the borders of Poland; and it is a fact that the Princess Rosalia Seraphina of Pumpernickel, the most lovely woman of her time, became so frantically attached to him, that she followed him on a campaign, and was discovered with his baggage disguised as a horse-boy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had any charms for Ivanhoe: no hermit practised a more austere celibacy. The severity of his morals contrasted so remarkably with the lax and dissolute manner of the young lords and nobles in the courts which he frequented, that these young springalds would sometimes sneer and call him Monk and Milksop; but his courage in the day of battle was so terrible and admirable, that I promise you the youthful libertines did not sneer *then;* and the most reckless of them often turned pale when they couched their lances to follow Ivanhoe. Holy Waltheof! it was an awful sight to see him with his pale, calm face, his shield upon his breast, his heavy lance before

him, charging a squadron of Heathen Bohemians, or a regiment of Cossacks! Wherever he saw the enemy, Ivanhoe assaulted him; and when people remonstrated with him, and said if he attacked such and such a post, breach, castle, or army, he would be slain, "And suppose I be?" he answered, giving them to understand that he would as lief the Battle of Life were over altogether.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a catastrophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors, as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the West as the *amunal-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish Peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem; a donkey, for the same; a sword, half a dirhem; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-la-

Mansoor. Curses on his head! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kambitoor*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain—a crusade against the Infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout Europe by all the most eloquent clergy: and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-al-tariff, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the Peninsula; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hasting from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain; and, finally, in a ship that set sail direct from Bohemia, where Sir Wilfrid happened to be quartered at the time when the news of the defeat of Alarcos came and alarmed all good Christians, Ivanhoe landed at Barcelona, and proceeded to slaughter the Moors forthwith.

He brought letters of introduction from his friend

Folko of Heydenbraten, the Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John, to the venerable Baldomero de Garbanzos, Grand Master of the renowned order of Saint Jago. The chief of Saint Jago's knights paid the greatest respect to a warrior, whose fame was already so widely known in Christendom; and Ivanhoe had the pleasure of being appointed to all the posts of danger and forlorn hopes that could be devised in his honour. He would be called up twice or thrice in a night to fight the Moors: he led ambushes, scaled breaches; was blown up by mines; was wounded many hundred times (recovering, thanks to the elixir, of which Wamba always carried a supply); he was the terror of the Saracens, and the admiration and wonder of the Christians.

To describe his deeds would, I say, be tedious; one day's battle was like that of another. I am not writing in ten volumes like Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valour. Whenever he took a Moorish town it was remarked, that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired amongst the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favour which he showed to the people of the nation—that the Master of Saint Jago remonstrated with him, and it is

probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted; but that his prodigious valour and success against the Moors counterbalanced his heretical partiality for the children of Jacob.

It chanced that the good knight was present at the siege of Xixona in Andalusia, entering the breach the first, according to his wont, and slaying, with his own hand, the Moorish Lieutenant of the town, and several hundred more of its unbelieving defenders. He had very nearly done for the Alfaqui, or governor, a veteran warrior with a crooked scimetar and a beard as white as snow, but a couple of hundred of the Alfaqui's body-guard flung themselves between Ivanhoe and their chief, and the old fellow escaped with his life, leaving a handful of his beard in the grasp of the English knight. The strictly military business being done, and such of the garrison as did not escape put, as by right, to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been.

Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Jago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon; raging

through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Ivanhoe; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain, were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures Don Beltran recognised with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and unfortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one—it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty—sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping

for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew—these people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

"I come," said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start), "from my lord the Alfaqui to my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor's only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection."

"A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?" asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

"The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate-armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 1,000,000 dinars."

"Ho, slaves!" roared Don Beltran, "show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?" And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1,000 bags of 1,000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths, as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

"How many horses are there in my stable?" continued Don Beltran; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

"I want neither money nor armour," said the ferocious knight; "tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions."

"Deprive not the old man of his child," here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe; "bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years."

"She is my captive, Sir Knight," replied the surly Don Beltran; "I will do with my own as becomes me."

"Take 200,000 dirhems!" cried the Jew;

"more!—anything! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child!"

"Come hither, Zutulbe!—come hither, thou Moorish pearl!" yelled the ferocious warrior; "come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenesse! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco?"

"There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs!" said the proud young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

"The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia," Beltran said.

"Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran!" cried the high-spirited girl.

"By Saint Jago, this is too much!" screamed the infuriated nobleman; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran's dagger in her side.

"Death is better than dishonour!" cried the child, rolling on the blood-stained marble pavement. "I—I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian!" and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

"Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui," howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. "I would not have ransomed her for

all the gold in Barbary!" And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, "ISAAC OF YORK, dost thou not know me?" and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, "Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!—no, no!—I do not know thee!"

"Holy mother! what has chanced?" said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; "where is thy daughter—where is Rebecca?"

"Away from me!" said the old Jew, tottering, "away! REBECCA IS—DEAD!"

* * * * * * * *

When the disinherited knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did nought but slay and slay. He took no plunder as

other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, insomuch that the "silent knight" became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them. Thus the tide of battle turned, and the Arab historian El Makary recounts how, at the great battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcos, and absolutely killed half a million of Mahometans. Fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his own lance: and it was remarked that the melancholy warrior seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous feat of arms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In a short time the redoubtable knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, had killed off so many of the Moors, that though those unbelieving miscreants poured continual reinforcements into Spain from Barbary, they could make no head against the Christian forces, and in fact came into battle quite discouraged at the no-

tion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed amongst them, that the famous Malek Ric Richard of England, the conqueror of Saladin, had come to life again, and was battling in the Spanish hosts—that this his second life was a charmed one, and his body inaccessible to blow of scimetar or thrust of spear—that after battle he ate hearts and drank the blood of many young Moors for his supper; a thousand wild legends were told of Ivanhoe, indeed, so that the Morisco warriors came half vanquished into the field, and fell an easy prey to the Spaniards, who cut away among them without mercy. And although none of the Spanish historians whom I have consulted make mention of Sir Wilfrid as the real author of the numerous triumphs which now graced the arms of the good cause; this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging. and for the non-payment of their debts of gratitude as of their other obligations, and that writes histories of the Peninsular war with the Emperor Napoleon, without making the slightest mention of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, or of the part taken by BRITISH VALOUR in that transaction. Well, it must be confessed on the other hand that we brag enough of our fathers' feats in those campaigns, but this is not the subject at present under consideration.

To be brief, Ivanhoe made such short work with

the unbelievers, that the Monarch of Aragon, King Don Jayme, saw himself speedily enabled to besiege the city of Valencia, the last stronghold which the Moors had in his dominions, and garrisoned by many thousands of those infidels under the command of their King Aboo Abdallah Mahommed, son of Yakoob Almansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary, gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend his city, but as I do not wish to make a parade of my learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermit any description of the city under its Moorish governors.

Besides the Turks who inhabited it, there dwelt within its walls, great store of those of the Hebrew nation, who were always protected by the Moors, during their unbelieving reign in Spain; and who were, as we very well know, the chief physicians, the chief bankers, the chief statesmen, the chief artists and musicians; the chief everything under the Moorish kings. Thus it is not surprising, that the Hebrews, having their money, their liberty, their teeth, their lives, secure under the Mahometan domination, should infinitely prefer it to the Christian sway, beneath which they were liable to be deprived of every one of these benefits.

Among these Hebrews of Valencia, lived a very ancient Israelite,—no other than Isaac of York, before mentioned, who came into Spain with his daugh-

ter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by his people, for the money which he possessed, and his daughter for her admirable good qualities, her beauty, her charities, and her remarkable medical skill.

The young Emir Aboo Abdallah, was so struck by her charms, that though she was considerably older than His Highness, he offered to marry her, and install her as number 1 of his wives,—and Isaac of York would not have objected to the union, (for such mixed marriages were not uncommon between the Hebrews and Moors those days,)—but Rebecca firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposals of the Prince, saying, that it was impossible she should unite herself with a man of a creed different to her own.

Although Isaac was, probably, not over well pleased at losing this chance of being father-in-law to a Royal Highness, yet as he passed among his people for a very strict character, and there were in his family several Rabbis of great reputation and severity of conduct, the old gentleman was silenced by this objection of Rebecca's, and the young lady herself applauded by her relatives for her resolute behaviour. She took their congratulations in a very frigid manner, and said, that it was her wish not to marry at all, but to devote herself to the practice of medicine

altogether, and to helping the sick and needy of her people. Indeed, although she did not go to any public meetings, she was as benevolent a creature as the world ever saw: the poor blessed her, wherever they knew her, and many benefited by her who guessed not whence her gentle bounty came. *

But there are men in Jewry who admire beauty, and as I have even heard, appreciate money too, and Rebecca had such a quantity of both, that all the most desirable bachelors of the people were ready to bid for her. Ambassadors came from all quarters to propose for her. Her own uncle, the venerable Ben Solomons, with a beard as long as a Chasmere goat, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarrelled with his son Moses, the red-haired diamond merchant of Trebizond, and his son Simeon, the bald bill-broker of Bagdad, each putting in a claim for their cousin. Ben Minories came from London, and knelt at her feet: Ben Jochanan arrived from Paris, and thought to dazzle her with the latest waistcoats from the Palais Royal: and Ben Jonah brought her a present of Dutch herrings, and besought her to come back, and be Mrs. Ben Jonah at the Hague.

Rebecca temporised as best she might. She

* Though I am writing but a Christmas farce, I hope the kind-hearted reader will excuse me for saying that I am thinking of the beautiful life and death of Adelaide the Queen.

thought her uncle was too old. She besought dear Moses and dear Simeon not to quarrel with each other, and offend their father by pressing their suit. Ben Minories, from London, she said was too young, and Jochanan from Paris, she pointed out to Isaac of York, must be a spendthrift, or he would not wear those absurd waistcoats. As for Ben Jonah, she said she could not bear the notion of tobacco and Dutch herrings—she wished to stay with her papa, her dear papa. In fine, she invented a thousand excuses for delay, and it was plain that marriage was odious to her. The only man whom she received with anything like favour, was young Bevis Marks, of London, with whom she was very familiar. But Bevis had come to her with a certain token that had been given to him by an English knight who saved him from a faggot to which the ferocious Hospitaller Folko of Heydenbraten was about to condemn him. It was but a ring, with an emerald in it, that Bevis knew to be sham, and not worth a groat. Rebecca knew about the value of jewels too; but, ah! she valued this one more then all the diamonds in Prester John's turban. She kissed it; she cried over it; she wore it in her bosom always; and when she knelt down at night and morning, she held it between her folded hands on her neck. . . . Young Bevis Marks went away finally no better off than the others; the rascal sold to the king of France a handsome ruby, the very size of the

bit of glass in Rebecca's ring; but he always said, he would rather have had her, than ten thousand pounds, and very likely he would, for it was known she would at once have a plumb to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue for ever and at a great family meeting held at Passover time, Rebecca was solemnly ordered to choose a husband out of the gentlemen there present; her aunts pointing out the great kindness which had been shown to her by her father, in permitting her to choose for herself. One aunt was of the Solomon faction, another aunt took Simeon's side, a third most venerable old lady, the head of the family, and a hundred and forty-four years of age, was ready to pronounce a curse upon her, and cast her out, unless she married before the month was over. All the jewelled heads of all the old ladies in Council; all the beards of all the family wagged against her—it must have been an awful sight to witness.

At last, then, Rebecca was forced to speak. "Kinsmen!" she said, turning pale, "When the Prince Abou Abdil asked me in marriage, I told you I would not wed but with one of my own faith."

"She has turned Turk," screamed out the ladies. "She wants to be a Princess, and has turned Turk," roared the Rabbis.

"Well, well," said Isaac, in rather an appeased tone, "let us hear what the poor girl has got to say.

Do you want to marry his Royal Highness, Rebecca, say the word, yes or no?"

Another groan burst from the Rabbis—they cried, shrieked, chattered, gesticulated, furious to lose such a prize, as were the women, that she should reign over them, a second Esther.

"Silence," cried out Isaac, "let the girl speak—speak boldly, Rebecca, dear, there's a good girl."

Rebecca was as pale as a stone. She folded her arms on her breast, and felt the ring there. She looked round all the assembly, and then at Isaac. "Father," she said, in a thrilling low steady voice, "I am not of your religion—I am not of the Prince Boabdil's religion—I—I am of *his* religion."

"His, whose? in the name of Moses, girl," cried Isaac.

Rebecca clasped her hands on her beating chest, and looked round with dauntless eyes,—"Of his," she said, "who saved my life and your honour, of my dear, dear champion's,—I never can be his, but I will be no other's. Give my money to my kinsmen; it is that they long for. Take the dross, Simeon and Solomon, Jonah and Jochanan, and divide it among you, and leave me. I will never be yours, I tell you, never. Do you think, after knowing him and hearing him speak,—after watching him wounded on his pillow, and glorious in battle (her eyes melted and kindled again as she spoke these words), I can mate

with such as *you?* Go. Leave me to myself. I am none of yours. I love him, I love him. Fate divides us—long, long miles separate us; and I know we may never meet again. But I love and bless him always. Yes, always. My prayers are his; my faith is his. Yes, my faith is your faith, Wilfrid, Wilfrid! I have no kindred more.—I am a Christian." . . .

At this last word there was such a row in the assembly, as my feeble pen would in vain endeavour to depict. Old Isaac staggered back in a fit, and nobody took the least notice of him. Groans, curses, yells of men, shrieks of women, filled the room with such a furious jabbering, as might have appalled any heart less stout than Rebecca's; but that brave woman was prepared for all, expecting, and perhaps hoping, that death would be her instant lot. There was but one creature who pitied her, and that was her cousin and father's clerk, little Ben Davids, who was but thirteen, and had only just begun to carry a bag, and whose crying and boo-hooing, as she finished speaking, was drowned in the screams and maledictions of the elder Israelites. Ben Davids was madly in love with his cousin (as boys often are with ladies of twice their age), and he had presence of mind suddenly to knock over the large brazen lamp on the table, which illuminated the angry conclave, and whispering to Rebecca to go up to her own room

and lock herself in, or they would kill her else, he took her hand and led her out.

From that day she disappeared from among her people. The poor and the wretched missed her, and asked for her in vain. Had any violence been done to her, the poorer Jews would have risen and put all Isaac's family to death; and besides, her old flame, Prince Boabdil, would have also been exceedingly wrathful. She was not killed then, but, so to speak, buried alive, and locked up in Isaac's back kitchen; an apartment into which scarcely any light entered, and where she was fed upon scanty portions of the most mouldy bread and water. Little Ben Davids was the only person who visited her, and her sole consolation was to talk to him about Ivanhoe, and how good and how gentle he was, how brave and how true; and how he slew the tremendous knight of the Templars, and how he married a lady whom Rebecca scarcely thought worthy of him, but with whom she prayed he might be happy; and of what colour his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield, viz., a tree with the word "Desdichado" written underneath, &c., &c., &c.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from any body else's mouth, but to which he never tired of listening as it fell from her sweet lips.

So, in fact, when old Isaac of York came to negotiate with Don Beltran de Cuchilla for the ransom

of the Alfaqui's daughter of Xixona, our dearest Rebecca was no more dead than you and I; and it was in his rage and fury against Ivanhoe that Isaac told that Cavalier the falsehood which caused the knight so much pain and such a prodigious deal of bloodshed to the Moors; and who knows, trivial as it may seem, whether it was not that very circumstance which caused the destruction in Spain of the Moorish power?

Although Isaac, we may be sure, never told his daughter that Ivanhoe had cast up again, yet Master Ben Davids did, who heard it from his employer; and he saved Rebecca's life by communicating the intelligence, for the poor thing would have infallibly perished but for this good news. She had now been in prison four years three months and twenty-four days, during which time she had partaken of nothing but bread and water (except such occasional tit-bits as Davids could bring her, and these were few indeed, for old Isaac was always a curmudgeon, and seldom had more than a pair of eggs for his own and Davids' dinner); and she was languishing away when the news came suddenly to revive her. Then, though in the darkness you could not see her cheeks, they began to bloom again; then her heart began to beat and her blood to flow, and she kissed the ring on her neck a thousand times a day at least; and her constant question was, "Ben Davids! Ben Davids!

when is He coming to besiege Valencia?" She knew he would come, and, indeed, the Christians were encamped before the town ere a month was over.

* * * * *

And now my dear boys and girls I think I perceive behind that dark scene of the back-kitchen (which is just a simple flat, painted stone-colour, that shifts in a minute), bright streaks of light flashing out, as though they were preparing a most brilliant, gorgeous, and altogether dazzling illumination, with effects never before attempted on any stage. Yes, the fairy in the pretty pink tights and spangled muslin, is getting into the brilliant revolving chariot of the realms of bliss.—Yes, most of the fiddlers and trumpeters have gone round from the orchestra to join in the grand triumphal procession, where the whole strength of the company is already assembled, arrayed in costumes of Moorish and Christian chivalry, to celebrate the "Terrible Escalade," the "Rescue of Virtuous Innocence"—the "Grand Entry of the Christians into Valencia"—"Appearance of the Fairy Day-Star," and "unexampled displays of pyrotechnic festivity." Do you not, I say, perceive that we are come to the end of our history; and, after a quantity of rapid and terrific fighting, brilliant change of scenery, and songs, appropriate or otherwise, are bringing our hero and heroine together?

Who wants a long scene at the last? Mammas are putting the girls' cloaks and boas on—Papas have gone out to look for the carriage, and left the box-door swinging open, and letting in the cold air—if there *were* any stage-conversation, you could not hear it, for the scuffling of the people who are leaving the pit. See, the orange-women are preparing to retire. To-morrow their play-bills will be as so much waste-paper—so will some of our master-pieces, woe is me—but lo! here we come to the Scene at last, and Valencia is besieged and captured by the Christians.

Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou Whatdyecallem just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y &c.? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants who are being slain by the Moorish soldiery, and by a little boy by the name of Ben Davids, who recognises the knight by his shield, finds Isaac of York *égorgé* on a threshold, and clasping a large back-kitchen key? Who but Ivanhoe—who but Wilfrid? "An Ivanhoe to the rescue," he bellows out: he has heard that news from little Ben Davids that makes him sing. And who is it that comes out of the house—trembling—panting—with her arms out—in a white dress—with her hair down—who is it but dear Rebecca! Look,

they rush together, and master Wamba is waving an immense banner over them, and knocks down a circumambient Jew with a ham, which he happens to have in his pocket. . . . As for Rebecca, now her head is laid upon Ivanhoe's heart: I shall not ask to hear what she is whispering; or describe further that scene of meeting, though I declare I am quite affected when I think of it. Indeed I have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years—ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels—ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me—ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poet's fancy, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course; for Rowena's promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess, and a better Christian than Rebecca now was never said her Catechism. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric; but I don't think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

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